

**T H E  
ARCHBISHOP of CAMBRAY's  
D I S S E R T A T I O N  
O N  
P U R E L O V E.**

**W I T H**

**An Account of the Life and Writings  
of the LADY, for whose Sake the  
ARCHBISHOP was banished from  
Court. And the grievous Persecu-  
tions she suffered in FRANCE for  
her Religion.**

**A L S O**

**Two LETTERS, written by one of the  
LADY's Maids, during her Confinement  
in the Castle of VINCENNES,  
where she was a Prisoner eight Years :  
One of the Letters was writ with a Bit  
of Stick instead of a Pen, and Soot in-  
stead of Ink, to her Brother; the other  
to a clergyman.**

**L O N D O N :**

**Sold by G. THOMSON, R. DAMPIER, W. MAN-  
SON, and J. BLAND.**







A  
DISSERTATION  
ON  
PURE LOVE.

'**T**IS an observation ground-  
ed, we believe, on expe-  
rience, that when any  
art or invention of foreigners is  
brought into England, it generally  
meets with improvement ; we  
therefore shall present the public

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with

4 *A Dissertation*

with a slip, or extract of a plant which produces the most charming and delightful flowers in nature, that was cherish'd in France by a virtuous and pious lady, and by the skill of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, brought to great perfection: But to speak plain, without a metaphor, we mean to give the English reader an extract of that great man's dissertation on PURE LOVE; which, as the author of his life in French says, ' Was always the favourite  
' doctrine of that Prelate; the  
' source of his disgrace, and  
' his glory; the key of his principles; the very bent of his heart;  
' and is the unfolding or discovery  
' of his whole life. To give therefore a just idea of his sentiments  
' concerning

‘ concerning that doctrine, is to  
‘ describe him by his most distin-  
‘ guishable features.’

The same author, speaking of  
PURE LOVE, says, ‘ It inspires us  
‘ with high and noble thoughts of  
‘ God, and is the spring of all our  
‘ finest sentiments. By this prin-  
‘ ciple a man no longer looks upon  
‘ himself as an independent crea-  
‘ ture made for himself, but con-  
‘ siders the universal lump of man-  
‘ kind as one great family, of  
‘ which all nations are but so  
‘ many branches, and all men  
‘ either as fathers, brothers and  
‘ children of one common father,  
‘ who would have us prefer the  
‘ general good of his family to our  
‘ own particular interest.

‘ ’Tis by this PURE CHARITY

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‘ that

‘ that the lowest and most common  
‘ virtues are made divine, and we  
‘ our selves lovely, polite and  
‘ disinterested; not to please men,  
‘ but to make them good; to aid  
‘ and assist them; to bear with  
‘ their weakneses; and, ‘ as much  
‘ as in us lies, to live peaceably  
‘ with all men.’

If this be a just and true description of the Archbishop of Cambray’s doctrine of PURE LOVE, as we verily think it is, we hope it will not be accounted unseasonable, considering the taste of the age, and the very low and groveling sentiments too commonly broach’d in all sorts of company, to make the doctrine more public. And ’tis hop’d some, at least, of the rising generation, will be found to have Genius’s suitable  
to



to receive, and even improve, the noble sentiments of that great and good man.

\* **T**HE ' Lord hath made all ' things for himself,' as saith the scripture, and 'tis for his glory that he wills our happiness. Our happiness is only a subordinate end, which is his glory. To conform therefore to the great end of our creation, we must prefer God to ourselves, and not desire our own happiness but for his glory; otherwise we shall go contrary to his order.

What makes men so very unwilling to understand this truth, is the love they have for themselves,

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and

\* Prov. xvi. 4.



and because they will not love but for their own interest. They perceive well enough, that they ought to love God above all his creatures; but they don't perceive what it is to love God more than themselves, and to love themselves only for God. But is it not astonishing that men find a difficulty in understanding a rule so *plain*, so *just*, and so *essential* to a creature?

God truly wills that we should find our interest in being united to him; but then that motive ought not to be the chief: We ought to desire the glory of God more than our own interest or happiness, and not even so much as desire that but for his glory.

But this indeed is the thing which man, so in love with himself,

self, since his fall and transgression, finds so hard to understand. But, come, let us do justice to ourselves, and to God also. Did we make ourselves? Are we dependent on God, or ourselves? Has he made us for our own sakes, or for his? To whom are we beholden for our being? Is it for our happiness only, or for his glory that he made us? If it is for his glory, we ought then to conform to the great end of our creation: We ought to desire his glory more than our own happiness, and make our happiness subordinate to his glory.

But that I may fully convince those who go under the denomination of Christians, of the superlative right God has over his creatures, I shall endeavour to make

them consult the idea they have of friendship.

Among friends, every one would be lov'd purely for himself, without the motive of interest. Alas then ! If poor miserable man, unworthy of any love, cannot bear to be lov'd on account of interest, how dares he think that God can bear it? Pure friendship is a thing so zealous, nice and scrupulous, that the least mixture of any thing else will offend it : It must have the whole heart without reserve. He that truly loves, would be lov'd purely for his own sake ; and in the transport of his passion, would be preferred above all things, and alone ; nay, then every thing in the world must give way to him ; and he expects that one should wholly

wholly forget one's self, and be given up to him entirely. Such is the jealousy of love in *transport*, and that jealousy is nothing but the tyranny of *self-love*.

A man need but look into, and found himself, and he will find this fund of idolatry; and he who does not find it, does not sufficiently know himself. Now this jealousy, which is ridiculous, and the most odious injustice in us, is the highest justice in God. And tho' nothing is so common, and so shameful, as for men to be jealous; yet to God, who will not give his glory to another, and who calls himself a *jealous God*, his jealousy is essential to his perfection.

Consult then, thou that readest this; consult, I say, the corruption



of thy own heart, and let thy jealousy of friendship give thee to understand the infinite delicacy of DIVINE LOVE. When thou findest this delicacy in thy own heart, for the friendship thou requirest of thy friends, thou dost not look upon it as a chimera or refin'd notion, but on the contrary wouldst be highly displeas'd with thy friends, who had not the same delicate sense of friendship. Why then must not God be allowed to have it as well? Why must not he expect, and require to be lov'd, in the manner thou wouldst have thy friends love thee? Why wilt thou not believe that his GRACE can form to himself such worshippers, *in spirit and in truth*, as love him in the manner thou art not ashamed to



to be lov'd thyself? O judge and condemn thyself, and give glory to God.

I grant that prophane and wicked men, who have this idea of pure friendship, do not follow it; and that all their friendship without *grace*, is nothing but *self-love* subtilly disguis'd and counterfeited; but such an idea they certainly have of friendship. Shall they then, when the object is only a vile and corruptible creature, have this idea of pure friendship, and shall not we be allow'd to have the same, when God is the object of our love?

The very heathen had this idea of friendship; and we need only read their writings, and wonder, that Christians will not allow us to  
love

love God, by his grace, as the heathen thought they must love one another to merit the name of friends.

Let us hear Cicero, one of those heathens) ‘ To be impatient  
‘ says he, on account of what  
‘ one suffers in friendship, is loving one’s self, and not one’s  
‘ friends.’ He afterwards says,  
‘ That friendship cannot subsist  
‘ but among the good and virtuous.’ That is to say, among those who adhering strictly to its principles, prefer what is right and just, to what the vulgar call profit and interest. ‘ For otherwise, says he, interest being the  
‘ motive and rule of friendship, the  
‘ less virtuous, who have more  
‘ wants and cravings than others,  
‘ would

‘ would be the fittest to unite in  
‘ friendship, because they are more  
‘ eager in loving what is for their  
‘ interest. We are therefore of  
‘ opinion, says Cicero, that we  
‘ should seek friendship, not for  
‘ the hope of the profit and ad-  
‘ vantage to be drawn from it,  
‘ but because the profit and advan-  
‘ tage is in itself. Self-interested  
‘ men are deprived of this excel-  
‘ lent and most natural friend-  
‘ ship, which is to be sought by  
‘ and for itself only: They let  
‘ not their own experience and  
‘ examples instruct them to how  
‘ great height the power of  
‘ friendship may be carry’d.  
‘ Every one loves himself not to  
‘ be recompenc’d for his love,  
‘ but because every one by him-  
‘ self

‘ self is dear to himself. If this  
‘ rule be not always included in  
‘ friendship, one shall never find  
‘ a true friend; for he only is  
‘ one’s true friend, who is a se-  
‘ cond self.’

Cicero could not carry the disinterestedness of friendship to a greater height, than by requiring that our friend be dear to us of himself, without any other motive, as we are dear to ourselves without any hopes which excite us to that love. Self-love in this sense is, without doubt, the perfect model of disinterested friendship. And Horace, though of Epicurean principles, has argu’d upon the same principle for the union of friends among themselves; for speaking of the philosophical conversation



conversation he had in the country, he says, ‘ We enquired whether  
‘ men were happy by riches or by  
‘ virtue? And whether self-interest  
‘ or perfection alone be the motive  
‘ of friendship?’

This so pure idea of friendship is not solely to be found in Cicero’s writings, for he drew it from the doctrine of Socrates, as Plato explain’d it. These two great philosophers, the latter of whom relates the discourses of the former in his dialogue, says, that we should fix our hearts upon the *τὸ καλόν*, that is sovereign beauty and goodness, or sovereign perfection, for love only of that which is beautiful, good, true and perfect in itself. Wherefore they frequently say, we must set no value or esteem upon  
that



that which is made, *το γινόμενον*, that is, any transient being, that we may unite ourselves to that which is; that is to say, the perfect and immutable being, which they call *το ὄν*. He that is. Hence Cicero, who has only repeated their maxims, says, ‘ If we could  
 ‘ but see with our own eyes the  
 ‘ beauty of VIRTUE, we should be  
 ‘ ravished with the love of its  
 ‘ PERFECTION.’

And Plato, in his treatise call’d the Banquet, makes Socrates say,  
 ‘ That there is something more  
 ‘ divine in him that loves, than  
 ‘ in him that is beloved.’ Here then is the utmost delicacy of the purest love. He who is belov’d, and would be so, is taken up with himself; but he that loveth, without

out thinking of being lov'd, has in him what is most divine in love, namely, 'transport, forgetfulness of self, and disinterestedness.'

BEAUTY, says the same philosopher, does not consist in any particular things, as animals, the earth, or the heavens; but the sovereign beauty is in and by himself, being always uniform with himself. All other things which are beautiful, partake so of the sovereign beauty, that whether they are born or die, they neither add to, nor take away from him, and he suffers no loss by them. Whensoever then a man raises himself to real and true friendship, he begins to see the sovereign beauty, and is got just to perfection.

'Tis easy to perceive, that Plato

to speaks of a love of the sovereign beauty in himself, without regard to interest. 'Tis this universal beauty which ravishes the soul, and makes it forget every particular beauty. And this philosopher says, in the same dialogue, that Love deifies a man; that it inspires and transports him. There is no person so bad, says he, but what love for virtue can make a God of, so as that he shall become like unto the sovereign beauty in nature; and as Homer says, that a God inspired some heroes, this is what Love does to lovers form'd by himself. Those only who love are willing to die for another. Then Plato cites the example of Alcesta, who died that her husband might live. That then which makes

a God of a man, according to Plato, is by love to prefer another so far to one's self, as to forget and sacrifice one's self, and to be willing to be esteem'd as nothing. This love, in his opinion, is a divine inspiration; and 'tis the immutable beauty which ravishes man out of himself, and makes him like itself by virtue.

This was the idea of friendship among the heathen. Pythias and Damon, who liv'd under Dionysius the tyrant, were willing to die one for the other; at which the tyrant was surpriz'd, and sigh'd to see two such disinterested friends.

And this idea of a perfect disinterestedness reign'd in the policy of the ancient legislators. Every man was to prefer the laws, and  
his



his country, to himself, because justice requir'd it, and also what is call'd beauty, goodness, justice and perfection. This order or law was to regulate every thing, but chiefly man's self. He was not by obeying this law or order to count upon making himself happy, but on the contrary, for the love thereof, he was to devote himself to death and destruction, without hopes of remedy. Thus Socrates, in the book of Plato, call'd Crito, chuses rather to die, than break prison and escape, because he would not disobey the laws which had condemn'd him to prison. And in another book call'd Gorgias, Socrates describes a man who accuses himself, and is willing to die, rather than by his silence to elude the  
the



the rigor of the laws, and the authority of the magistrates.

All legislators and philosophers that have reasoned about laws, have taken it for a fundamental principle of society and government, that the publick good is to be preferred to every man's self, not through an expectation of some interest or advantage, but through a disinterested love of order, which is beauty, justice, and virtue itself. It was for this conception and idea of order and justice a man was to die; that is, according to the notions of the heathen, a man was to be willing to lose all that he had which was real, and be reduced to a mere ghost or shadow, and not even know for certain, whether that ghost or shadow was not a  
fiction

fiction of the poets. Shall then Christians refuse to do for God, infinitely perfect, whom they certainly know, what those heathens thought themselves obliged to do, for an abstract notion and idea of order, justice, and virtue?

Plato often says, that the love of beauty is the *summum bonum*, or whole good of man: That man of himself cannot be happy, and that what is most divine for him, is to deny and go out of himself for love: And truly, the pleasure a person feels in the transport of his passion, is but an effect of the bent and longing of the soul to be freed from its freight confinement, that it might love the infinite beauty out of itself. When this transport settles upon any deceitful and transient

fient beauty which appears in the creature, it is divine love strayed and misplaced. 'Tis in itself a divine arrow or dart, but misguided: For that which in itself is divine, becomes illusion when settled upon a vain image or likeness of the perfect good, such as a created being, which is no more than a shadow of the Supreme Being. But the love that prefers infinite perfection to itself, is, as Plato says, a divine and inspired motion.

This motion or impression is given man from his very origin. His perfection is by love, so to deny and go out of himself, that he may convince and persuade others, as well as himself, that he loves those to whom he is united in friendship, without any regard to himself.

B

This

This idea is so strong, notwithstanding self-love, that a man would be ashamed to confess that he loved nobody without some view of interest, and find the reason why men run after it, and disguise to satisfy all the motives of self-love, is one of the same they should be forced to love themselves in others. As then nothing is so odious, not the sight or idea of a heart always taken up with itself, so nothing pleases so much as certain generous actions which persuade the world, and ourselves, that we have done good for the sake of good itself. Nay, even self-love pays a veneration to this disinterested virtue, by the subtle disguises it puts on, that it may appear like it; so true it is that man, who is not of himself,



himself, is not made to seek himself, but to be entirely resigned up to him who made him. His glory and perfection is to go out of himself, to forget himself, to be lost and absorp'd in the pure love of INFINITE BEAUTY.

But how does such a thought fright the man who is a lover of himself, and accustomed to make his own self the center of every thing? This thought alone is enough to make self-love tremble, and to shock a secret inbred pride that always insensibly makes the end to which we ourselves ought to relate, to relate to itself.

But this thought or idea which so frights us, is the foundation of all friendship and justice. We can neither make self-love agree with

it, nor can we be quit of it; for  
that what is in us is most divine.  
None can say that such a thought  
or idea is only a vain imagination;  
because when men invent things,  
they invent them when they will,  
purely to please themselves; where-  
as nothing is more common, than  
for a wicked man, and even one  
that is exceeding vain and intoxi-  
cated with pride, to think in that  
manner, notwithstanding his self-  
love. And not only the common  
experience of such a thought is a  
prodigy of virtue above man,  
but 'tis very wonderful that we  
should find such a thought in us;  
and ought to strike us with amaze-  
ment. For what but a principle  
infinitely superior to us could di-  
rect and teach us to raise ourselves  
to

so entirely above ourselves? What is it that could have given a man sick and intoxicated with self-love, even to admiration, so elevated a thought as to count himself as nothing; to become a stranger to himself, and to love himself no otherwise than by pure charity, as his neighbour? What could teach him to be jealous of himself, even against himself, for another invisible object that for ever should efface self, and leave no trace of it? This idea alone makes a man divine, inspires and fills him with infinity.

I allow the heathen who magnified disinterested virtue so highly practised it but badly. I also allow, that self-love among the heathen, vainly boasted itself with the appearances of *PURE LOVE*: But,

B 3

however

however they did boast of it, even those among them whom pride had the greatest sway over, were charmed with the idea of disinterested virtue and friendship: They carried it within them, and they could never efface nor obscure it: They could neither follow nor gain-say it. Shall Christians then gain-say it? Will not they, like the heathen, be contented to admire, though they do not follow it as they ought? The very vanity of the heathen respecting this virtue, shews how excellent it is. As for example; the praise which all antiquity has given to Alcesta would have been ridiculous and without foundation, if it had not, in their esteem, been a beautiful and virtuous thing for Alcesta to die for her husband.



husband. Without this fundamental principle her action had been extravagant fury and madness. But all heathen antiquity has decided otherwise; it says with Plato, "That there is nothing more divine than to forget one's self for the beloved object." Alcesta is the admiration of men, for being willing to die, and be no more than a vain shadow, that he whom she loved might live. This forgetfulness of self for ever; this entire sacrifice of one's being; this loss of all one's self for ever, is in the eyes of heathens what is most divine in man; 'tis what just carries him to perfection. Behold then the idea of virtue and friendship, imprinted in the hearts of men who were never ac-

*A Dissertation*

acquainted with the true origin and creation of man; who were blinded with self-love, and alienated from the life of God.

The celebrated author might, we think, have strengthened his arguments, and confirm'd the idea of PURE LOVE, by many texts of scripture. He might have shewn, that the doctrine of PURE LOVE was what Christ taught and enjoined his disciples. “†He,” says Christ, “that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me: And he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me: And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy

† Mat. x, 37—39.

“thy of me. He that findeth his  
“life shall lose it: And he that lo-  
“seth his life for my sake, shall  
“find it.” ’Tis true, he promi-  
sed life everlasting to such as should  
deny themselves, and lay down  
their lives for his sake and the go-  
spel’s: But was it the promise of  
life everlasting, or the Love of Je-  
sus which made them willing to  
deny themselves, to part with all,  
and suffer the most cruel and igno-  
minious deaths? Was not the love  
of Christ as strong in them as Al-  
cesta’s for her husband? Could the  
heathens say, “If we did but see  
“the beauty of VIRTUE, we should  
“be ravished with the love of its  
“PERFECTION;” and is not  
CHRIST, the Son of God, that  
VIRTUE they spake of?

Does not the great apostle of the Gentiles say, “\* I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me?” Is not this an annihilation of self, a perfect death, a transformation of the whole man, and a passing into the Being and Essence of Christ?

Did not Moses desire of God, when the children of Israel had made themselves a golden calf and worshipped it, either to † “forgive their sin, or blot his name out of the book which he had written?” And did not Paul  
“ wish

\* Gal. ii. 20.

† Exod. xxxii. 32.



\* "with himself accursed from  
"Christ for his brethren, his  
"kinsmen according to the flesh!"  
Behold then the nobility, the he-  
roicness, the infinity of *Pure*  
*Love!*

\* *Reverend*



O F

G O D ' s   O P E R A T I O N

I N   T H E

S   O   U   L .

**W**HAT a comfort it is, O my God! to think that every thing is the work of thy hand, even that which is within me, as much as that without. Thou art always with me. When I do evil thou art with me, reproaching me for the evil I do, and making

making me regret the good I forsake, and letting me see thy merciful arms stretched out to receive me. When I do good, 'tis thou inspir'st me with the desire of it, and dost it in me.

Thou art therefore (and I am ravished with the thought of it) operating without ceasing in the midst of my heart. Thou workest there invisibly, just as a labourer works in the mines and bowels of the earth. Thou dost every thing, and yet the bulk of men see thee not. They ascribe nothing to thee. I myself wandered, and strove in vain to find thee at a distance from myself. I tried by collecting together in my mind all the wonderful works of nature, to frame an idea of thy grandeur. I  
fought

sought thee among thy creatures, and did not think of finding thee in my own heart, where thou art never absent. No, there is no need, O my God! \* “To descend “into the deep, nor to go over “the sea,” as say the holy Scriptures, † “nor to ascend into heaven,” to find thee, for thou art nearer to us than we are to ourselves.

O Lord! who art so great, and yet so familiar; so high above the heavens, and yet sitting thyself so to the lowest of thy creatures; so infinite, and yet so intimately inclosed in my heart; so terrible, and yet so lovely; so jealous, and yet so easy of access to those who freely

\* Deut. 32. 41,

† Rom. x. 6,



freely approach thee with pure love ! O, when will the time come that thy children shall be no longer unacquainted with thee ! O, that I had a voice capable and strong enough to reprove the whole world for their blindness, and to declare with authority what thou really art !

To bid men look for thee in their own hearts, is like bidding them look for thee in the most remote and unknown parts of the earth ; for what is more remote, and unknown to the generality of vain and heedless mortals, than the secret and quiet recesses of their own hearts ? Do they know what it is to look into themselves ? Have they ever tried the way to it ? Can they so much as imagine what  
that

that INWARD SANCTUARY, that impenetrable center of the soul is, where thou art worshipped "in Spirit and in truth?" They are always at a distance from themselves, among the objects of their ambition or diversions. Alas! how should they understand heavenly truths, when, \* as Jesus Christ said, they understand not those of this world? They cannot conceive what it is to enter into themselves by serious reflections; what then would they say, if one should bid them be empty'd of themselves, and absorbed in God?

As for me, O my Creator! my eyes being closed to all outward objects, which are but vanity and vexation

\* John iii, 12.

vexation of spirit, I would find in the most secret part of my heart, an intimate familiarity with thee through Jesus Christ thy Son, who is thy WISDOM, and ETERNAL REASON; who took flesh, and patiently submitted to the shame and death of the cross, that by it he might degrade our vain and false wisdom. There it is, cost what it will, in opposition to my worldly fears and reasonings, I would become little and low, yea a fool, and more contemptible in my own eyes, than in the eyes of all the wise and prudent of this world. There it is, I would be filled and inebriated with the Holy Spirit as the apostles were; and like them, suffer myself to be the derision and scorn of the world.

The



The Paths of DIVINE LOVE  
by which the Soul is led  
to the Divine Union.

**O** Thou who hast felt the darts of my love, whose heart is submissive to my heavenly drawings! O thou whom I have chosen for an eternal spouse, be thou a faithful bride to thy beloved bridegroom! I must confess thy eyes have smitten me with a most chaste, pure and disinterested love; and that thou hast not desired any thing but what would please me, expecting no salary for thy pains  
and



and labour. And when I led thee into rough ways, over bushes and brambles, and quite out of the beaten paths amongst thorns and thistles, thou passed'st through them as through heavenly paths: And though I seemed often to leave thee, and to forget thee, yet thou didst never forsake this unknown path.

I took pleasure in beholding thy fears, and hearing thy sighs, and to see thy tears run down. And after so many sharp conflicts, I had a mind to try if taking thee to myself thou would'st always abide constant and true: and thy afflicted heart abode faithful, and never called my love either inconstant or cruel: And tho' thy afflictions were grievous and heavy, yet didst thou  
bless

blest thy lot and portion, and wert willing to follow me even to death. I partook with thee in thy labour and sufferings, and when I was in thee, thou didst bewail my absence; for in those afflicting times I pleased myself in bearing up thy heart, but keeping out of sight. My love was increased by seeing thee so disconsolate. And thou never wentest about to look for ease and comfort, but wouldst often say to me, “ Dear and divine spouse, ’tis  
“ my whole delight to suffer with  
“ thee, but thou forsokest me in  
“ my sharpest trials and agonies.  
“ Thou art my happiness and only hope. Every thing else to  
“ me is of no value or moment.  
“ Alas, it cannot dissipate my  
“ pain. One look of thine would  
“ give

“ give me life ! Why turnest thou  
“ away those eyes which have ra-  
“ vished me. What is become, O  
“ my love, of that Hope thou  
“ gavest me ? Alas, thou hast smit-  
“ ten me, and dost thou now a-  
“ bandon me ? ” I heard in secret  
thy innocent complaint, and was  
delighted to see thee so enamour’d;  
my love sunk every day deeper in  
thy heart, when thou imaginest  
thyself at a greater distance from  
it. And when I saw thee labouring  
under the severest pangs and af-  
fliction, ’twas then I saw a thou-  
sand delights in thee; and thou  
wouldst say in a languishing voice,  
“ Only witness of my chaste love,  
“ rock, take at least some pity on  
“ my condition, be compassionate  
“ this day to a tender lover.”

I smiled

I smiled in secret at thy bitter pangs and uneasiness, and only hid myself from thy senses; for they were as yet too weak for the excellent work I had a mind should be wrought in thee. Redouble, said I, thy courage, and don't let thy prying and curious senses so much as see or desire one delicious morsel; if thou wilt be wholly mine, thou must deny them all and thyself too: Thou must love me for my own sake, without feeling whether thou lovest me: And follow me in all places without seeing where I lead thee. Never expect to see an end of thy sufferings, but continue to take delight in thy obedience. Let it suffice thy soul that it sees me all glorious, without minding whether it shall be  
happy



happy or unhappy. Then secretly did I speak to thy heart, and augment the ardour of thy chaste love: Thou wouldst have died privately and unseen, were it but to have given me some new pleasure.

At last thou camest to forget thyself, which made my love the more extreme towards thee. For my sake thou neglectedst thy first beauty, and hadst no liking to any thing but my truth; “ Dear and  
“ divine spouse, saidst thou, I find  
“ myself handsome enough if my  
“ heart be but always faithful to  
“ thee. This faithfulness I have  
“ only from thee; I can have no-  
“ thing but what belongs to my  
“ spouse.”

After some more expressions of that sort, thou becamest mute and  
silent,

ilent, and I was the faithful interpreter of thy heart. Thou spakest no more to me, but I understood thee so well, that we were both charmed with our *silent conversation*. Such silence is much better understood than words, for as soon as one has tasted of it, words become frivolous and insignificant. In this manner thou passedst thy youth in these woods. Thou hadst no other than a mute or silent voice for me: But my heart answered thine; and this amorous silence ravished thee more than fine words, or feeble eloquence. I was then the spring of all thy motions, and thou beheldest clearly the slavery and bondage of the senses. No sooner had I given thee this new liberty, but thou flewest towards me like a turtle

turtle dove; and I caused thee to fly aloft in the midst of the sky, that thou mightest declare and proclaim me in a thousand different places.

In this manner did Christ converse with his loving spouse, making her perfect and learned in secret. She then requested of him that she might speak in her turn to explain and manifest to all the exceeding greatness of her love. Christ thereupon instantly restored her voice, but not such a one as heretofore for frivolous discourse, but a voice capable and fit to teach the secrets of love, to shew his beauties, and set them forth in their proper light.

O dear and divine love, with  
whom my soul is ravished, I will,  
C                      though

though I suffer, declare of thy  
goodness without fear. Thy hea-  
venly beauties have captivated my  
heart, and filled me with a ce-  
lestial ardour. O ye *Separate*  
*Places* congeal'd with ice, hear  
what I have to declare, I prefer  
you to all nature: O ye distant  
counties near the *North*, 'tis to  
you I have chosen to declare my  
happy lot and condition: To you  
whom have been looked upon as  
wild, and have not the shelter of  
our pleasant groves. O are not  
your hearts like others? Notwith-  
standing therefore your nipping  
colds, receive the ardour of my  
flame. Be ye penetrated with the  
object I adore. O you who some-  
times see not the *Rising* of the sun,  
there is now a bright day rising  
upon



upon you; 'tis the spirit of *Faith*,  
nay more, 'tis PURE LOVE.

Open then your hearts to let it  
in, and you will reap a blessed ad-  
vantage by it. My God, who has  
made choice of you, that you might  
be wholly his, is willing, by my  
discourse, to teach you it this day.  
Never rebel against his goodness:  
Ask of him pure and tender hearts,  
which you have need of to hear  
his voice.

O people, whom God through  
his goodness has vouchsafed to  
make choice of, let his holy  
love melt your ice. Comply with  
his choice, give up to his grace,  
and reject not his tender calls and  
wooings. O you whom he prefers  
to all the more Southren people;  
icy mountains, desert mountains,

C 2

always

always dry and barren, PURE LOVE is coming to seek for refuge and dwelling amongst you: Don't refuse him: Lay yourselves out for him, he will be your strength and only support. O ye fine countries whose fields are enamel'd with a thousand rural flowers, you would not receive your master: You whose thousand rivulets and springs make you appear so smiling, you refused *Love* your incense and offerings. O ye countries full of canals, vines, and fertile grounds, you would give him no asylum, no dwelling. O ye fine little hills covered over with diversity of grapes, whose produce is so much desired by the whole universe. O ye large † canals, whose art surpasses nature; pleasant rivulets, whose charming

† The canal of Versailles.

charming murmurs invite us to a longer stay, you were not made to receive *Love*. For this *Sacred Love* was banished out of your territories. He looks out for a dwelling in other Hemispheres. PURE LOVE has the art of making all places worthy of his blessings, and lovely to his sight.

O thou poor solitary abandoned nation, one shall soon see thee fertile and full of people, if thou dost but receive what this spouse of my heart speaks by me, and take him for thy King. He is about to make the rude and desert places fruitful, and of barren sandy heaths make fine pastures: Truth shall very quickly be seen to reign, where equity was scarcely known. You shall see grapes where you see

C 3                      brambles.

brambles. And 'tis my Sovereign who declares it by me. But if you refuse and reject this pure and Chaste Love, O tremble for your lands in the terrible day of account. If you will not receive the Light, you shall be dissipated and scattered as the dust.

## DIRECTIONS





# D I R E C T I O N S

F O R A

## H O L Y L I F E.

By the ARCHBISHOP of CAMBRAY.

**T**HE principal instrument, or means of our perfection, is contained in this one expression of God to Abraham, \* “ Walk in my presence, and be thou perfect.”

2. The presence of God calms  
C 4 the

\* Gen, xvii, 22,

the mind, gives sweet repose and quiet, even in the midst of our daily labours; but then we must be resigned to him without any reserve.

3. When we have found God, there is nothing worth looking for in men: We must then give up our very best friends, for the good friend is in the heart, the spouse who is jealous, and will have every thing else put out.

4. It does not require a great deal of time to love God, to draw near and enjoy his presence, to lift up our heart to him, or to adore him at the bottom of our heart, nor to make him an offering of what we do and suffer; for \* the  
very

\* Luke xvii, 27.

very "kingdom of God is within us," which nothing can molest.

5. When the hurry and distraction of the senses, and the roving of the imagination, hinder us from getting into a quiet and composed frame of mind, let us at least calm ourselves by the integrity of our will, and the very desire of composure does in a manner prove a sufficient one. We must also turn our minds inward to God, and do whatsoever he would have us, with a pure and upright intention.

6. We must endeavour from time to time to excite in us a desire to be devoted and resigned to God, with all the powers and faculties of the soul; that is to say, to contemplate him with our mind, and with our will to love him:

Let us also desire that our senses may be consecrated to him in all their operations.

7. Let us take care we be not occupied too long, either outwardly or inwardly, about unprofitable things, which create such distractions both of heart and mind, and draw them so much out of themselves, that 'tis with difficulty they can be brought again to be inward enough to find God.

8. As soon as we feel that some foreign object gives us pleasure and joy, let us withdraw our heart from it; and that the heart may not take up its rest in it, let us presently shew it its true object, and sovereign Good, that is, God himself. If we are but faithful in ever so small a degree, to wean ourselves



felves inwardly from the creatures, so as to hinder them from resting in the heart, which God has reserved to himself, there to be honoured, adored, and loved, we shall quickly taste that pure joy, which God never fails to give a soul that is free and disengaged from all worldly affections.

9. When we perceive in ourselves a strong and very eager desire after any thing whatsoever, and find that our humour and inclination carries us too precipitately to do any thing, be it only to say something, to see an object, or go any where, let us strive to moderate ourselves, and request of God, that he would stay the precipitation of our thoughts, and the commotion we are under, because

he has said, that his spirit abides not in hurry and commotion.

10. Let us take great care we do not concern or busy ourselves too much with what others say and do, and that we let it not too much into our minds, for 'tis a great cause and source of disturbance.

11. As soon as we perceive what it is God requires of us, in any particular that presents itself, let us stick to that, and withdraw ourselves from every thing else: By that means we shall always preserve a freedom and evenness of soul, and shall cut off a great many needless things which encumber the mind, and hinder it from turning easily to God.

12. An excellent means of keeping  
ing

ing ourselves in an inward quiet and freedom of spirit, is, at the finishing of every action, to bound there all reflections arising from it, the respects and regards of self-love, sometimes from vain joy, and sometimes from grief, because this is one of our greatest evils. Happy is the man who retains nothing in his mind but what is necessary, and who only thinks of each thing just when it is the time to think of it ; so that 'tis rather God who excites the perception and idea of it, by an impression and discovery of his will, which we must perform, than the mind's being at the trouble to forecast and find it.

13. Let us accustom ourselves to have our minds inwardly recollected in the day-time, and during  
the

the course of our employments, by looking singly to God : By that let us still all the commotions of our heart, as soon as we perceive it disturbed and moved. Let us forsake all pleasures which come not from God, put away all vain thoughts and wild imaginations, and speak no idle word. Let us seek God within us, and we shall infallibly find him, and with him, joy and peace.

14. In our outward occupations, let us be occupied more with God than all the rest. To do them well, we must do them as in his presence, and for his sake. At the sight of God's Majesty a calmness and serenity should possess the soul. One word of our Saviour's, in time past, instantly calmed a boisterous



boisterous and raging sea; and now one look of his towards us, and of ours towards him, should every day do the like.

15. We must often lift up our heart to God: He will purify, enlighten and direct it. 'Twas the daily practice of the holy prophet David: “\* I have set,” says he, “the Lord always before me.” Let us also frequently repeat to ourselves these beautiful expressions of the same prophet: || “Whom  
“ have I in heaven but thee?  
“ There is none upon earth that  
“ I desire besides thee. God is  
“ the strength of my heart and  
“ my portion for ever.”

16. We need not stay for leisure

\* Psal. xvi, 8.

|| Psal. lxxiii, 25, 26.

sure hours to shut the door and retire, for the moment in which we regret the want of retirement, is enough to bring us into it. We must turn our hearts towards God in a simple and familiar manner, and with great assurance. The most broken minutes are good at all times, even when at meals, and when others are speaking. Unprofitable and tedious long stories and relations, instead of tiring may relieve us, by affording some interval of inward retirement. Thus all things turn to good to those who love God.

17. We should often read such books as are fitting and proper for our state and condition; and in reading, frequently stop and make a pause, to give place to the spirit that  
that

that inwardly draws the mind. Two or three plain and simple words, but full of the spirit of God, are the hidden manna; and tho' we forget the words, yet they operate secretly, and the soul is fed and nourished by them.

18. We must endeavour to have a continual correspondence and fellowship with God. Let us be persuaded, that the most profitable and desirable state in this life is that of CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, which consists in the union of the soul with God; an union that includes in it all spiritual good; a familiarity with God so great, that no two friends upon earth converse oftener together, nor with greater endearment, freedom, ease, and openness of heart; a wonderful liberty of  
of

of spirit, that raises us above all events and changes in life, and that frees us from the tyranny of human respect; an extraordinary power for the well performing all our actions, and acquitting ourselves well in our employments; a prudence truly Christian in all our undertakings; a peace and perfect tranquillity in all conditions; and in short, a continual victory over self love, and our passions.

19. This is the happy state to which we are called; we, whom God hath separated from the corruptions of this world. If we do not partake of these heavenly blessings, 'tis our own fault, since the Spirit of God disposes and excites us continually to aspire after them: But we resist him often, either by  
open



open repugnance or secret refusal, or for want of resolution and courage, or letting ourselves be deceived willingly, by the pretexts and artifices of self-love, that begets in us abundance of mean indulgences and wrong managements. Let us no more be seduced thereto, but, as saith the apostle, † “Walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.”

A

† Ephes. v. 15, 16.



A  
SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
The LADY GUION.

**M**ADAME JEANE MARIE ROUVIERS DE LA MOTHE GUION was born at Montargis, of a good family : At fifteen years of age she was married to a gentleman of the same place, and continued there

*The Life and Writings of, &c.* 69

there till her widowhood, preserving always the reputation of a pure and unspotted virtue.

From her tenderest years, she in a very particular manner consecrated herself to God, and was so affected with divine things, that when she heard or read of the sufferings of the saints and martyrs, she would wish to be such an one herself: But when she grew more a woman, the follies incident to youth, but chiefly pride and vanity, had predominance over her, though she often felt secret rebukes in her heart for them, and would bewail her failings and transgressions bitterly.

Her married state was accompanied with great crosses; but they rather augmented than slackened  
her

70 *The Life and Writings of*

her love for God, and zeal for religion. She often found her heart inflamed with the love of God, and had great desires and longings in her soul for a close communion with God. When her mind was uneasy and troubled about her state and condition, she would make it known to her confessors; but they were strangers to the way in which God was leading her; for instead of directing to him, who sometimes, in the secret of her heart, smote her with his gentle corrections, and at other times enamoured her with his beauty, they set her to saying of prayers, and repeating daily the Office, as it is called, of the Blessed Virgin. But all this did nothing for her: It healed not the wound, which was  
inward,



inward, nor did it ease her mind, which could find no rest till she had found him whom her soul loved.

At length, God who heard her sighs and secret groans, and knew the sincerity of her heart, was pleased to send her a sudden relief. ‘O my Divine Love, says  
‘ she, the desire which I had to  
‘ please thee, the tears which I  
‘ shed, the great pains and labours  
‘ I underwent, and the little fruit  
‘ I reaped from them, moved thee  
‘ with compassion. Thou gavest  
‘ me in an instant, through thy  
‘ grace and goodness alone, what I  
‘ could never have given myself  
‘ by all my efforts and endeavours.  
‘ The thing happened as follows:  
‘ God permitted a religious man,  
‘ who

‘ who was just come out of a five  
‘ year’s solitude, to pass by my fa-  
‘ ther’s habitation, and make him  
‘ a visit : My father knowing the  
‘ religious concern I was under,  
‘ advised me to make my condition  
‘ known to him ; which I had no  
‘ sooner done, signifying the dif-  
‘ ficulties I had about prayer, but  
‘ he presently replied, “ ’Tis,  
“ Madam, because you seek with-  
“ out what you have within, ac-  
“ custom yourself to seek God in  
“ your heart, and there you will  
“ find him.” When he had spoke  
‘ these words, he left me ; but  
‘ they were like the stroke of a  
‘ dart, which pierced my heart a-  
‘ funder. They brought to my  
‘ heart what I had sought for so  
‘ many years, or rather they help-  
‘ ed

‘ ed me to discover what was there,  
‘ but for want of knowing it, I  
‘ had not enjoyed it. O my God,  
‘ thou wert in my heart, and re-  
‘ quiredst nothing but a turning of  
‘ my mind inward to thee to make  
‘ me feel thy presence! O infinite  
‘ Goodness! Thou wert so near,  
‘ and I ran hither and thither to  
‘ seek thee, but found thee not.  
‘ My life was a burden, though my  
‘ happiness was within me. I was  
‘ poor in the midst of riches, and  
‘ starving with hunger near a table  
‘ spread with dainties, and a conti-  
‘ nual feast. O Beauty, ancient  
‘ and new, why did I know thee  
‘ so late? Alas! I sought thee where  
‘ thou wert not, and did not seek  
‘ thee where thou wert. ’Twas  
‘ for want of understanding these

D

‘ words

‘ words of the gospel, \* ‘ The  
 “ kingdom of God cometh not  
 “ with observation ; neither shall  
 “ they say, Lo here, or Lo there,  
 “ for behold the kingdom of God  
 “ is within you.” This I now ex-  
 ‘ perience, for then thou becamest  
 ‘ my King, and my heart was thy  
 ‘ kingdom, where thou reignedst  
 ‘ as sovereign, and didst what thy  
 ‘ will was to have done.’

This effectual reach of God’s  
 love to her soul, was about the  
 twentieth year of her age. The  
 person who was instrumental to it,  
 brought her afterwards acquainted  
 with one Genevieve Granger, pri-  
 oress of the Benedictines, a woman  
 of singular piety, and she was very  
 assisting



assisting to her in the way he had  
 turned her. But her Confessor did  
 what he could to hinder her from  
 inward prayer and retirement, and  
 persuaded her mother-in-law, and  
 her husband, to molest her in the  
 practice of it: And the method  
 they took, she says, "was to watch  
 " what she did from morning to  
 " night." She was not allowed  
 to go out of the chamber of her  
 mother-in-law; nor to stir from  
 her husband's bedside, who was  
 often afflicted with the gout.  
 ' Sometimes, says she, I carried my  
 ' work to the window, under pre-  
 ' tence of seeing better, that I  
 ' might have a few moments re-  
 ' pose; but they would look if I  
 ' did not pray instead of working.  
 ' And when my mother-in-law and  
 D 2 ' my

‘ my husband played at cards, if I  
‘ did but turn myself towards the  
‘ fire, they would look whether I  
‘ shut my eyes, and if they saw  
‘ that I did, they would be angry  
‘ with me for hours together. But  
‘ what is still more strange, when  
‘ my husband was well, and could  
‘ go abroad, he would not that I  
‘ should pray in his absence. He  
‘ would look at my work when he  
‘ came in, to see if it went on, and  
‘ sometimes would turn back very  
‘ quickly when he went abroad,  
‘ and if he found me in my closet  
‘ at prayer, would be very angry:  
‘ And I would say to him, Sir,  
‘ what signifies it what I do in  
‘ your absence, as long as I am di-  
‘ ligent in tending you at home ;  
‘ but this did not satisfy him, he  
‘ would

‘ would not have me pray in his  
‘ absence any more than in his pre-  
‘ sence. I believe there is hardly  
‘ a torment equal to the being  
‘ strongly and inwardly drawn to  
‘ retirement, and not have it in  
‘ one’s power to be alone. But,  
‘ O my God, the opposition that  
‘ was made to hinder me from lo-  
‘ ving thee, did but augment my  
‘ love; and when they strove to  
‘ hinder me from speaking to thee,  
‘ thou drewest me into an inexpress-  
‘ sible silence; and by how much  
‘ they endeavoured to keep me  
‘ from thee, by so much the closer  
‘ didst thou unite me to thyself.

‘ The peculiar property of in-  
‘ ward prayer, is to give a strong  
‘ faith. Mine was without li-  
‘ mits, as was also my trust and

D 3      ‘ reliance

‘ reliance on God ; and the love  
‘ I had for his will, and the dis-  
‘ position of his providence to-  
‘ wards me. Then is felt the  
‘ truth of those words, ‘ My  
‘ yoke is easy, and my burthen  
‘ is light.’ I had a secret desire  
‘ given me, from that time, to  
‘ be wholly resign’d to God’s  
‘ will, come what would come :  
‘ And I said within myself, O  
‘ my Love, what couldst thou  
‘ desire me to offer up to thee  
‘ that I could not willingly do?  
‘ O spare me not. I could scarce  
‘ hear speak of God, or our Lord  
‘ Jesus Christ, without being just  
‘ ravish’d out of myself: But what  
‘ I most wonder’d at, was the  
‘ great difficulty I had to say the  
‘ vocal prayers I was us’d to do.

‘ As



‘ As soon as I opened my mouth  
‘ to pronounce them, the love of  
‘ God seized me so strongly, that  
‘ I was swallowed up in a pro-  
‘ found silence, and such a peace as  
‘ I am not able to express. I made  
‘ repeated trials to do the same,  
‘ but could not go on with them.  
‘ And as I had never heard speak  
‘ of such a state, I knew not what  
‘ to do: But the inability of per-  
‘ forming that task increased, be-  
‘ cause love became every day  
‘ more strong, more violent, and  
‘ more absorbing: There was  
‘ made in me, without the sound  
‘ of words, a continual prayer  
‘ which seem’d to me, to be the  
‘ prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ  
‘ himself, a prayer of the Word,  
‘ which is made by the spirit,

‘ which according to St. Paul,  
 ‘ † asketh for us what is good and  
 ‘ perfect, ‘ and conformable to  
 ‘ the will of God.”

But that inward prayer, that  
 profound peace, that communion  
 with God and Christ, which made  
 her practise what was good with ease,  
 was often interrupted, and some  
 times quite gone. ‘ My passions,  
 ‘ says she, were not mortified,  
 ‘ and they quickly occasion’d new  
 ‘ struggles: I was too vain of my  
 ‘ person, and that propensity  
 ‘ which seem’d dead while I was  
 ‘ smitten with the love of God,  
 ‘ reviv’d again; which made me sigh  
 ‘ and cry to God continually,  
 ‘ that he would be pleased to take  
 ‘ that

† Rom, viii. 26, 27,

‘ that obstacle out of my way,  
‘ and make me ugly. I would  
‘ have chosen to be deaf, blind  
‘ and dumb, that nothing might  
‘ divert me from my love.

‘ In a journey to Paris, how many  
‘ snares were laid in my way. I  
‘ met them almost at every step,  
‘ and through unwatchfulness  
‘ was often catch’d in them: But,  
‘ O my love, how severely didst  
‘ thou punish me for them! O  
‘ how many tears did those faults  
‘ cost me, which I let myself be  
‘ drawn into, as it were, against  
‘ my will! Thou knowest, O my  
‘ God, that thou didst deal with  
‘ me sometimes like a father who  
‘ pities the weakness of his child,  
‘ and caresses her after little faults.  
‘ How often didst thou let me see

‘ that thou lovedst me, though I  
‘ had blemishes which seemed to  
‘ be almost voluntary? ’Twas the  
‘ sweetness of this love, after my  
‘ fall, which caused my greatest  
‘ pain; for the more thou shew-  
‘ edst thyself good towards me,  
‘ the more inconsolable I was, if  
‘ I but turn’d away a moment  
‘ from thee; and when I had  
‘ made a little slip, I found thee  
‘ ready to catch hold of me, and  
‘ I said to thee, O my God, is it  
‘ possible that thou canst be so in-  
‘ dulent to my faults? I that  
‘ leave thee through vain com-  
‘ pliances, and a fondness for fri-  
‘ volous objects; and yet no  
‘ sooner return to thee, but I find  
‘ thee waiting for my return, and  
‘ thy



‘ thy arms stretch’d out to re-  
‘ ceive me !’

‘ O Sinner ! Sinner ! Canst thou  
‘ indeed complain of thy God ?  
‘ Ah, if there is any justice re-  
‘ maining in thee, acknowledge  
‘ that thou willingly goest astray  
‘ from him : that thou leavest him  
‘ against his will, but that if thou  
‘ returnest, he is ready to receive  
‘ thee ; and if thou dost not return,  
‘ that he tries by the strongest and  
‘ most engaging motives to win  
‘ thee to it : Thou turnest a deaf  
‘ ear to him, thou wilt not hear  
‘ him, thou sayest, He speaks not  
‘ to thee, though he calls with all  
‘ his might, but ’tis because thou  
‘ daily turn’st thy deaf ear, and  
‘ wilt not hear his lovely and  
‘ charming voice. O my love,

D 6

‘ Thou

‘ Thou didst never cease to speak  
‘ in my heart, and succour it in  
‘ the time of need.’

‘ When I was at Paris, my con-  
‘ fessor seemed to wonder, seeing  
‘ me so young. After I had con-  
‘ fessed, they told me, I could  
‘ not sufficiently thank God for  
‘ the graces he had bestowed on  
‘ me, and if I knew them, I  
‘ should be amazed at them, and  
‘ that if I was not faithful, I should  
‘ be the most ungrateful of wo-  
‘ men. Some would acknowledge,  
‘ that they never knew a woman  
‘ which God held so closely, and  
‘ in so great a purity of conscience.  
‘ What made it so, was the conti-  
‘ nual care thou, O my God,  
‘ hadst over me, making me feel  
‘ thy intimate presence, according  
‘ as

‘ as thou hast promised it us in thy  
‘ gospel, † ‘ If a man love me,  
‘ we will come unto him, and  
‘ make our abode with him.’ The  
‘ continual experience of thy pre-  
‘ sence in me, was what preserv’d  
‘ me. I witnessed what thy pro-  
‘ phet said ‡ ‘ Except the Lord  
‘ keep the city, the watchman  
‘ waketh but in vain.’ Thou, O  
‘ my love, wert that faithful keep-  
‘ er, who didst defend it continu-  
‘ ally against all sorts of enemies,  
‘ preventing the least slips ; or  
‘ correcting them, when a vivacity  
‘ of nature had caused them to be  
‘ committed. But alas, my dear  
‘ love! When thou thyself ceasedst  
‘ to watch, how weak was I, and  
‘ how

† John xiv. 23.

‡ Psalm cxxvii, 1.

‘ how did my enemies get advantage over me ! Let others ascribe  
‘ their victories to their own faithfulness, as for me, I will ascribe  
‘ them only to thy paternal care.  
‘ I have too often found my own  
‘ frailty and weakness, and too  
‘ much to my cost, experienced  
‘ what I should be without thee,  
‘ to presume in the least upon my  
‘ own care and watchfulness. ’Tis  
‘ to thee I owe all, O my deliverer !  
‘ And I greatly rejoice that I do  
‘ owe it to thee.

‘ During my stay at Paris, I  
‘ slackened my usual exercises, because of the short time I had to  
‘ stay there, and pain and dryness  
‘ had seized my heart ; for the  
‘ hand that sustained me was hid,  
‘ and my Well-Beloved was retired,  
‘ I



‘ I did many things I should not,  
‘ for I knew the love and esteem  
‘ some had for me, and suffered  
‘ them to tell it me, though I was  
‘ not alone. I committed other  
‘ faults also, as going with my  
‘ neck too bare, though it was not  
‘ so much by a great deal as others  
‘ went. I wept bitterly, because  
‘ I plainly saw I was too remiss,  
‘ and that was my greatest torment.  
‘ I sought all about for him who  
‘ secretly inflamed my heart. I  
‘ inquired if they could tell me a-  
‘ ny tidings of him : But O ! hard-  
‘ ly any body knew him. I said,  
“ O thou whom my soul loveth,”  
‘ hadst thou been near me, these  
‘ disasters had not happened :  
‘ † ‘ Tell me where thou feedest ;  
“ where

† Cant. i. 7,

“ where thou makest thy flock to  
 “ rest at noon,” in the bright day  
 “ of eternity, which is not like the  
 “ day of time, subject to nights  
 “ and eclipses. When I say, that I  
 “ said this to him, ’tis to explain  
 “ myself, for in reality all had passed  
 “ almost in silence, and I could not  
 “ speak. My heart had a language  
 “ which was without the sound of  
 “ words, and was understood by  
 “ its Well-beloved, as he under-  
 “ stands the profound silence of the  
 “ Word always eloquent, who  
 “ speaks incessantly in the bottom  
 “ of the soul. O language, which  
 “ only experience can give the un-  
 “ derstanding of! Don’t let any  
 “ think, that it is a barren language,  
 “ and an effect of the imagination :  
 “ ’Tis not in the imagination that  
 “ the

‘ the silent language of the Word  
‘ in the soul is. As he never ceases  
‘ to speak, so he never ceases  
‘ to work. *Dixit et facta sunt.*  
‘ He operates what he speaks in the  
‘ soul. This ineffable Word communicates  
‘ to the soul, in which  
‘ it resides, a facility of speaking  
‘ without words. ’Tis the speech  
‘ of the Word in the soul; the  
‘ speech of the soul by the Word,  
‘ the speech of the Blessed in heaven.  
‘ O how happy is the soul  
‘ to whom this ineffable speech is  
‘ communicated! A speech which  
‘ makes itself understood in the  
‘ same manner to souls, so that amongst  
‘ them it expresses itself  
‘ without speaking, and this expression  
‘ causes unctiō of grace,  
‘ peace and sweetness, and is productive

‘ ductive of such effects, as experience only can declare. O if  
‘ souls were pure enough to speak  
‘ in this manner, they would participate beforehand of the language in heaven.’

The concern and pain she felt after her faults and transgressions, was so great, ‘ That it is not, says she, to be expressed: ’Twas like a devouring fire which ceased not  
‘ till the transgression was purify’d and done away. ’Twas, says she, a banishment of the  
‘ very bottom of my soul, where I felt that the Spouse had rejected me with indignation and  
‘ wrath. I could have no access to him, and because I could  
‘ have no rest out of him, I knew not what to do: I was  
‘ like



‘ like the dove let out of the Ark,  
‘ which finding no rest for the sole  
‘ of her foot, was constrained to  
‘ return to the Ark ; but finding  
‘ the window shut, could only fly  
‘ about it, without entering into it.

‘ After this, says she, I com-  
‘ mitted a fault which will for  
‘ ever render me culpable. I  
‘ strove as it were against myself,  
‘ to find a satisfaction without, but  
‘ could not. This essay, O my  
‘ God, served to convince me of  
‘ my folly, and shewed me the  
‘ vanity of those pleasures which  
‘ are called innocent. For when  
‘ I try’d to relish them, I felt a  
‘ strong repulse, which joined  
‘ with the remorse I had for my  
‘ transgression, caused me to suffer  
‘ greatly ; and changed my diver-  
‘ sion

‘ sion into torment : I said, O my  
‘ God, this is none of thee ! No-  
‘ thing but thee can give solid  
‘ pleasure !

‘ One day, says she, as much  
‘ through unfaithfulness as com-  
‘ plaisance, I let myself be drawn  
‘ to court, more out of excessive  
‘ vanity than for the pleasure of  
‘ going there. But, O my God,  
‘ how didst thou make me sensible  
‘ of this fault ! After this, I was  
‘ regal’d at St. Cloud, where  
‘ some other ladies were invited,  
‘ and though I seldom went to  
‘ such entertainments, yet thro’  
‘ weakness, and also through va-  
‘ nity, I suffered myself to be  
‘ drawn there : But O my God,  
‘ how was this diversion mix’d  
‘ with bitter, which the other la-  
‘ dies

‘ dies with me (discreet in the  
‘ eye of the world) relished! I  
‘ could eat nothing there, though  
‘ ’twas a costly and magnificent en-  
‘ tertainment. My uneasiness ap-  
‘ peared on my countenance,  
‘ though they knew not the cause  
‘ of it. O what tears did that cost  
‘ me, and how severely didst thou,  
‘ my God, punish me for it! Thou  
‘ withdrewest thyself from me  
‘ more than three months; and in  
‘ such a manner, that I could see  
‘ nothing but an angry God for  
‘ me.

‘ Afterwards, my husband hav-  
‘ ing some respite from his almost  
‘ continual ailments, was willing to  
‘ go to Orleans, and from thence  
‘ into Touraine. This was the last  
‘ blaze and triumph of my vanity.

‘ I

‘ I received a great many visits, and  
 ‘ abundance of applause. But, O  
 ‘ my God, how clearly did I per-  
 ‘ ceive the folly of men, who let  
 ‘ themselves be taken with a vain  
 ‘ and fading beauty ! I disliked the  
 ‘ passion, but according to the out-  
 ‘ ward man, I could not dislike  
 ‘ that in me which caused it, though  
 ‘ as to the inward man, I ardently  
 ‘ desired to be delivered from it.  
 ‘ O my God, Thou knowest what  
 ‘ affliction the continual combat of  
 ‘ nature and grace cost me ! Na-  
 ‘ ture pleased itself with the public  
 ‘ applauses, but grace made me  
 ‘ dread them. I felt myself as it  
 ‘ were torn and separated from my-  
 ‘ self, for I plainly discovered  
 ‘ the hurt which such an universal  
 ‘ applause did me : And what add-  
 ‘ ed



‘ ed thereto, was the virtue which  
‘ they esteemed and applauded in  
‘ me, join’d to my youth and  
‘ beauty. But, O my God, they  
‘ knew not that all the virtue was  
‘ in thee only, and in thy protec-  
‘ tion, and all the weakness in me!

‘ I went, says she, to confessors  
‘ to accuse myself of my failings,  
‘ and to bewail my backslidings;  
‘ but they were not at all sensible  
‘ of my pain. They, O my God,  
‘ esteemed and approv’d of that  
‘ which thou didst condemn: They  
‘ looked upon that as virtuous,  
‘ which I thought detestable to thy  
‘ eyes: And what overwhelm’d me  
‘ with grief, was, that far from  
‘ measuring my faults by thy  
‘ graces and favours towards me,  
‘ they only considered what I was  
‘ in

‘ in comparison of what I might  
‘ have been: So that far from  
‘ blaming me, they justified me in  
‘ those very things of which I ac-  
‘ cused myself, and scarcely look’d  
‘ upon that as a slight fault, which  
‘ in me displeased thee greatly, O  
‘ my God, from whom I had re-  
‘ ceived so great mercy and for-  
‘ giveness.

‘ The heinousness of faults  
‘ should not be measured by the  
‘ nature of the sins, but by the  
‘ state and condition of the person  
‘ who commits them. The least  
‘ unfaithfulness in a spouse is more  
‘ affecting to her husband, than  
‘ very great ones in his domestic  
‘ servants. I told them the trouble  
‘ and concern I had for going with  
‘ my neck so bare, though it was  
‘ more

‘ more covered than other women’s  
‘ of my age; but they assured me  
‘ I was modestly dreis’d, and since  
‘ my husband liked it, there was  
‘ no evil in it. But my inward  
‘ director told me the contrary;  
‘ but I had not strength and courage  
‘ enough to follow him, and dress  
‘ myself in such a manner as might  
‘ look strange and out of the way,  
‘ for one of my years. Besides,  
‘ the vanity and inclination I had  
‘ for it, furnishes me with preten-  
‘ ces that appeared the most just  
‘ that could be. O! If confessors  
‘ did but know what hurt they do  
‘ women by complying with their  
‘ vanity so easily, and the evil it  
‘ produces, they would be very se-  
‘ vere; for had I found but one  
‘ confessor who would have told  
E ‘ me,

‘ me, that it was not well for me  
‘ to be dress’d as I was I should  
‘ not have gone so one moment ;  
‘ but my vanity siding with my  
‘ confessors, and the women ser-  
‘ vants about me, made me think  
‘ they were in the right, and that  
‘ my concern about it was meer  
‘ fancy.’

She having from the time of her conversion, or being turn’d to God in herself, being then somewhat above twenty years old ; went through many trials and provings both inward and outward, at home and abroad : It pleased God when she was twenty eight years of age, to deprive her of her husband, and leave her a solitary widow.

During her abode and retirement in the remote parts of France,  
she



ſhe writ ſeveral pieces, which expreſſed the ardour and noble aſpirings of her love to God, in a lively and feeling manner: They were at firſt handed about in manuſcript, then copied and diſperſed without her knowledge. A friend of her's cauſed one of them, entitled, "A ſhort and eaſy method of prayer," to be printed at Grenoble.

The reader now ſees the ardent deſire of her ſoul, the meditation of her heart. All her writings, verſe and proſe, tend only to the eſtabliſhing PURE LOVE, and the reign of Chriſt in the heart. For this ſhe travelled in divers places of France, converſed with the learned and the unlearned, with biſhops and doctors, with abbots and abbeſſes; and her travels and

E 2      converſation

conversation were often blessed and crowned with success. But some we think, will be curious to know, since she sets so little by that which is outward in religion, what she thought of the invocation of saints, and the eucharist; things in so high esteem among those with whom she lived and had her education.

As to the invocation of saints, says she, ‘ One day as I was thinking in myself, whence it came, that the soul which begins to be united to God, though it finds itself united to the saints in God, has nevertheless scarce any instinct to invoke them? It was presently put into my mind, that domestic servants had occasion for recommendation and interceders; but



‘ but that the spouse obtained every thing of her husband, without asking any thing of him, for he prevented her by his infinite love. O Lord, how little art thou known ! They examine my actions ; they say that I repeat not the \* chaplet ; that ’tis because I pay no devotion to the Holy Virgin. O Holy Mary, thou knowest how much my heart is united to thee in God, and the union which God has made between us in himself ! Yet notwithstanding I can do nothing but what love causes me to do. I am entirely devoted to him, and whatsoever he wills.’

In another place she says, ‘ The

E 3

‘ very

\* A bead-roll, or string of *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*,

‘ very deep and profound sense of  
‘ God I was in, I swallowed up every  
‘ thing; I could neither see the  
‘ saints nor the Holy Virgin out of  
‘ God, but I saw them all in God;  
‘ not being able without difficulty  
‘ to distinguish them from him;  
‘ and though I tenderly loved certain  
‘ saints, as St. Peter, St. Paul,  
‘ St. Magdalen, St. Teresa, all who  
‘ were inward and spiritual, yet I  
‘ could not figure to myself any  
‘ ideas or images of them, nor invoke  
‘ them out of God.’

And now as to the eucharist; in one of her letters, she says to a certain person, ‘ As to what you  
‘ ask me, if the body and blood of  
‘ our Lord are in the bread and  
‘ wine which they give you at the  
‘ supper? I do not believe it: But  
‘ ’twould



‘ ’twould be too long a discussion  
‘ to tell you where it truly is.’

And upon John vi. 53. “ Then  
“ Jesus said unto them, verily I say  
“ unto you, Except ye eat the  
“ flesh of the Son of Man, and  
“ drink his blood, ye have no life  
“ in you.” ‘ This verse, (says she,)  
‘ is so plain for the truth of the bo-  
‘ dy and blood of Jesus Christ in  
‘ the eucharist, that one cannot  
‘ help wondering how it can be  
‘ misunderstood. There were in  
‘ the time of persecution a great  
‘ many saints who lived solitary,  
‘ some hid in caverns, who could  
‘ not receive sacramentally the bo-  
‘ dy and blood of Jesus Christ:  
‘ But they received it mystically,  
‘ having an entire communication  
‘ with his spirit; which is a spiri-

‘ tual communion very high and  
‘ exalted : Jesus Christ was their  
‘ life, their principle and their cen-  
‘ ter : It was like a choice elixir  
‘ which insinuates itself in an hid-  
‘ den manner into all the parts of  
‘ the soul, as nourishment is car-  
‘ ried into all the parts of the bo-  
‘ dy. Souls in this state have a  
‘ perpetual communion with Christ :  
‘ But those who receive him sacra-  
‘ mentally with requisite disposi-  
‘ tions, feel great effects from it !

‘ O if one could but conceive  
‘ the grandeur and excellence of  
‘ this spiritual communion, in  
‘ which Jesus is the soul of our  
‘ soul, and the life of our life, in  
‘ which the soul remains as dead  
‘ under the operation and hand of  
‘ God, that it may act only by  
‘ him,

‘ him, as it only lives in and by  
‘ him ! O thou who after thy re-  
‘ surrection, enteredst when the  
‘ doors were shut ; O enter into  
‘ those hearts which are shut a-  
‘ gainst every thing that is not  
‘ thee ! But come also to those who  
‘ shut up the entrance of their  
‘ souls against thee : Let the doors  
‘ open by contrition ! \* “ Open  
“ ye everlasting gates, and the  
“ King of glory shall come in.” O  
‘ soul, open to the grace and love  
‘ of Jesus Christ, and thou wilt  
‘ partake of every thing that he is.  
‘ He who communes in this man-  
‘ ner, has truly the life in him,  
‘ because he has Jesus Christ the  
‘ Source of life, which enlivens all  
E 5 ‘ things.

\* Psal. xlv. 7.

‘ things. He raises again those  
 ‘ who are dead by sin; but he  
 ‘ raises again much more abundant-  
 ‘ ly the dead in Adam, for he be-  
 ‘ comes their true and only life.”

If we compare the Archbishop of Cambray’s exposition of the bread which Christ taught his disciples to pray for, and also the bread which is Christ’s body, we shall find it exactly the same with this Lady’s exposition of the flesh and blood of Christ.

‘ What, (says the Archbishop of  
 ‘ Cambray, upon these words,  
 ‘ *Give us this day our daily bread*) is  
 ‘ this bread, O my God? ’Tis not  
 ‘ only the support that thy Provi-  
 ‘ dence gives us for the necessities  
 ‘ of life; ’tis also that nourishment  
 ‘ of truth thou daily givest the soul.  
 ‘ ’Tis



‘ ’Tis a bread which nourisheth up  
‘ to eternal life, which makes it  
‘ grow, and gives the soul strength  
‘ in the trials of its faith. Thou  
‘ renewest it day after day. Thou  
‘ givest inwardly and outwardly,  
‘ just so much as is necessary for  
‘ the soul to grow in the life of  
‘ faith, and in the denial of self:  
‘ I have then nothing to do but to  
‘ eat this bread, and with a re-  
‘ signed and submissive mind take  
‘ all the bitter things thou shalt  
‘ send me in my outward affairs,  
‘ and also in the inmost of my  
‘ heart; for every thing that hap-  
‘ pens to me in the course of the  
‘ day, is my daily bread, provided  
‘ I refuse not to accept it from thy  
‘ hand, and nourish myself with  
‘ it.’

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In another place the archbishop of Canbray personating such as go to receive the Lord's supper, and like the Corinthians of old, take the bread without discerning the Lord's body, says, ' Hitherto, O  
' my Saviour, I have not been  
' nourished with thy truth; I have  
' been nourished with the ceremonies of religion, with the appearance and splendor of certain  
' virtues which gave courage; with  
' a good behaviour and regularity  
' of outward actions; with a victory which I was obliged to gain  
' over my temper, that I might  
' show nothing but what was  
' compleatly becoming. But the  
' essence of the sacrament itself;  
' but this Substantial Truth, far above all Substance Limited and  
' Comprised,

‘ Comprised, where is it? Alas!  
‘ I have not sought it; I have  
‘ thought only of regulating the  
‘ outside without a change within.  
‘ That worship ‘ in spirit and  
‘ in truth, which consists in the  
‘ destruction of all self-will, to let  
‘ God’s will only reign in me, is  
‘ still almost unknown to me. My  
‘ mouth has eaten that which is  
‘ outward and sensible in the sa-  
‘ crament, and my heart has not  
‘ been nourished with this substan-  
‘ tial truth.

‘ O holy and miraculous nourish-  
‘ ment! No body can eat thee wor-  
‘ thily, unless he die a perfect  
‘ death. No body can eat thee  
‘ worthily, unless he have in him-  
‘ self the source and very earnest of  
‘ life. Whosoever eats thee as he  
‘ ought,

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‘ ought, dies entirely to himself,  
‘ but at the same time he dies, he  
‘ rises again for thee. Thou art  
‘ an healing nourishment; Thou  
‘ art strength for the weak; Thou  
‘ art a nourishment which inevita-  
‘ bly causes them to perish who  
‘ have not strength to bear it;  
‘ Thou art therefore at the same  
‘ time the nourishment of the  
‘ strong. O heavenly bread, that  
‘ changest men into angels, and  
‘ servants into children! Correct  
‘ my imperfections; cure all my  
‘ weaknesses, and give me strength  
‘ and power worthy of thee. Make  
‘ me die to death, and rise again  
‘ to life; so that being thus risen,  
‘ I may no more do the actions of  
‘ death; that I may no more have  
‘ a liking of that death which the  
‘ things



‘ things of this world give: But  
‘ being nourished with the \* ‘ un-  
‘ leavened bread of the *truth* and  
‘ *sincerity*, I may relish only hea-  
‘ venly things, in which is life.  
‘ Let my carnal life be dead, and  
‘ † ‘ hid with God in thee,’ that  
‘ while I am risen again with thee,  
‘ I may live with a mind freed  
‘ from the corruption of the earth,  
‘ and fixed upon the incorruptibi-  
‘ lity of things in heaven, where  
‘ thou reignest, sitting at the right  
‘ hand of thy Father, in the im-  
‘ mense glory which thou possessest  
‘ for ever, and which thou wilt  
‘ eternally communicate to thy  
‘ elect, of which number, I be-  
‘ seech thy infinite mercy to receive  
‘ me thy unworthy servant. *Amen.*’

Having

\* 1 Cor. v. 8.

† Coloss. iii. 2.

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Having now given the reader a taste of the Lady Guion's doctrine and writings, we shall set forth some fruits of her conversion and travels.

She was a lady, whom any discerning person might observe, seemed always to have the presence of God with her. She did not approve of plays, and other diversions of that kind, thinking they did not become Christian women. After the death of her husband, and the loss of the greatest part of her substance, she went and resided twelve miles distant from her former dwelling, upon a small estate she had remaining. She had a great deal of good sense and understanding. When the affairs of her family were settled, she took a journey

journey to Turin, the capital city of Savoy ; in her return from thence to Paris, she stopped at Grenoble, where she thought it to be the will of God to continue for some time with a lady, an eminent servant of God.

‘ I made no visits, says she, in  
‘ this place, nor in the others  
‘ where I had rested ; but was  
‘ much surpris’d to find, in a few  
‘ days after, my coming there, that  
‘ several persons came to see me,  
‘ who made profession of being  
‘ more than ordinarily resigned to  
‘ God. I perceived presently in  
‘ myself a gift of God secretly com-  
‘ municated to me, of discerning  
‘ of spirits, and giving to every  
‘ one what they stood in need of.  
‘ And of a sudden I found myself  
‘ invested

‘ invested with an apostolick state,  
‘ and I discerned the condition of  
‘ them who spake to me, and that  
‘ with so great a facility, that they  
‘ were astonished at it, and said one  
‘ to another, that I gave each what  
‘ they stood in need of. ’Twas  
‘ thou, O God, who didst all these  
‘ things. - They sent one another  
‘ to me, till at length it came to  
‘ that excess, that I was taken up  
‘ commonly from six in the morn-  
‘ ing to eight at night in speaking  
‘ of God.

‘ There came great numbers  
‘ from all parts, far and near, friars,  
‘ priests, men of all sorts, young  
‘ women, married women, and wi-  
‘ dows; they all came one after  
‘ the other, and God gave me  
‘ that which satisfied them in a  
‘ wonderful



‘ wonderful manner, without my  
‘ thinking or caring at all about it.  
‘ Nothing was hid from me of their  
‘ inward state and condition. Thou,  
‘ O my God, madest thyself such  
‘ a vast number of conquests of  
‘ souls, as thou only knowest, and  
‘ there was given them a surpri-  
‘ sing easiness for prayer; God be-  
‘ stowed much grace upon them,  
‘ and wrought in them a marvel-  
‘ lous change. I perceived and  
‘ felt, that what I spake sprung  
‘ from the fountain-head; and that  
‘ I was only the instrument of him  
‘ who made me speak.

‘ During the general applause I  
‘ had, our Lord Jesus Christ let  
‘ me see what the apostolic state  
‘ was, with which he had honour-  
‘ ed me: ‘ That to give up one’s  
“ self

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“ self to the aid of souls, in the  
“ purity of the spirit, was to ex-  
“ pose one’s self to the most cruel  
“ persecutions.” He also gave  
“ me to understand, that I must be  
“ conformable to him in all his  
“ conditions, and that if he had li-  
“ ved always a private life with the  
“ Holy Virgin and St. Joseph, he  
“ should not have been crucified :  
“ And that when he would exer-  
“ cise and crucify any of his ser-  
“ vants in an extraordinary man-  
“ ner, he employed them in the mi-  
“ nistry and service of their neigh-  
“ bours. ’Tis certain, that all who  
“ are employed of God by aposto-  
“ lic designation, and truly put in-  
“ to the apostolic state, must suffer  
“ greatly. I don’t speak of such as  
“ put themselves into that state,  
“ not

‘ not being called to it of God in  
‘ a singular manner, and having  
‘ nothing of apostolic grace, for  
‘ they have nothing of the aposto-  
‘ lic crosses : But for such as give  
‘ themselves entirely up to God  
‘ without reserve, and who are  
‘ willing with all their hearts, to  
‘ be exposed to the world as he  
‘ shall think fit, without restriction :  
‘ Ah, such as these must assuredly  
‘ \* be made a spectacle to God, to  
‘ angels, and to men : To God a  
‘ spectacle of glory, by a confor-  
‘ mity with Jesus Christ; to an-  
‘ gels a spectacle of joy ; to men a  
‘ spectacle of cruelty and ignomi-  
‘ ny.

‘ Amongst the different num-  
‘ bers

\* 1 Cor. iv. 9,---13.

‘ bers of friars who came to see me,  
‘ there was an order of them which  
‘ partook more of the effects of  
‘ grace than any other, and it was  
‘ that order, which through a mis-  
‘ taken zeal had, in a little town  
‘ where Father la Combe was mis-  
‘ sionary, persecuted all the pious  
‘ souls who gave themselves up sin-  
‘ cerely to serve God, vexing them  
‘ in a very strange manner, burn-  
‘ ing all the books which spake of  
‘ silent and inward prayer, and re-  
‘ fusing to give absolution to such  
‘ as were in the practice thereof,  
‘ frightening them, and driving some  
‘ almost to despair, who heretofore  
‘ had lived wicked lives, but were  
‘ restored and preserved in grace  
‘ by means of prayer. These friars  
‘ were so outrageous and indiscreet  
‘ in



‘ in their zeal, that they struck a  
‘ father of the oratory, a man of  
‘ merit and distinction, in the open  
‘ street, because he prayed in the  
‘ evenings ; and on Sundays made  
‘ a short and fervent prayer, which  
‘ mightily aided those good souls  
‘ in their exercise of prayer.

‘ In my whole life I never had  
‘ so great a consolation as to see, in  
‘ so small a town, so many pious  
‘ souls who vied one with another,  
‘ who should give themselves up to  
‘ God with their whole heart.  
‘ There were girls of twelve and  
‘ thirteen years of age, who sat in  
‘ silence almost the whole day, to  
‘ have communion with God ; and  
‘ acquired a very strong habit of  
‘ it. As they were poor girls, they  
‘ placed themselves two and two  
‘ together,

‘ together, and those who could  
‘ read, read to the others that could  
‘ not. There one might have seen  
‘ the innocence of the primitive  
‘ Christians revived.’

At the time these wonderful conversions were wrought, and people came from all parts to hear and see this lady; a friend of her’s taking notice what an universal esteem persons had for her, she answered, ‘ Mind what I now say to you, ‘ You will hear cursings out of the ‘ same mouths you have heard ‘ blessings.’ How truly this was verified, the following narrative will sufficiently manifest.

She was no sooner arrived at Paris, but there came letters from the country, exclaiming against her doctrine, and loading her with calumnies.

calumnies. Counterfeit letters were produced and she was confined to the monastery of nuns of the Visitation, in the street St. Antoin, in the month of January, 1628, being then about forty years old.

‘ Nothing, says she, contributed  
‘ more to the general outcry that  
‘ was raised against me, than the  
‘ pretended letter from the Bishop  
‘ of Grenoble. For how could  
‘ one gainsay and disprove such a  
‘ witness as the curate of St. James’s,  
‘ well known at that time for his  
‘ attachment to so great a number  
‘ of persons of merit, to whom he  
‘ had delivered copies of that letter,  
‘ so that in about a fortnight’s  
‘ time all Paris was filled with  
‘ them? The Bishop of Meaux,  
‘ who

‘ who had a copy of it, as well as  
‘ others, was strangely surprized  
‘ to see the answer which Father  
‘ Richebrac sent me, as well as to  
‘ see the letters I shewed him of  
‘ the Bishop of Grenoble.

‘ He exclaimed loudly at the  
‘ vileness of the slander. For he  
‘ had sometimes his good intervals,  
‘ which afterwards were quite al-  
‘ tered, by the persons that stirred  
‘ him up against me, and by his  
‘ own particular interest.’

The Bishop of Meaux was in ve-  
ry high esteem with some, for the  
zeal he had shewn for the church  
about ten years before in writing  
against the Protestants, and getting  
the King’s edict to confiscate the  
goods and chattels, and imprison  
the bodies of such as would not  
change



change their religion, which occasioned a great many thousands to flee for refuge into foreign countries.

This Lady (seeing the fury of the Bishop of Chartres, and some other doctors) took a resolution of putting her writings into the hands of some prelate of eminent learning, who might examine and make report of them; and there having been to outward appearance, a strict friendship for some years, betwixt the Archbishop of Cambray and the Bishop of Meaux, she pitched, says the author of Cambray's life, upon Monsieur de Meaux for this purpose, as being a man whose approbation would counterbalance the authority of the Bishop of Char-

tres, and quickly destroy the calumnies of the furious doctors.

All her manuscripts being delivered to Monsieur de Meaux, he read them over, and immediately told the Duke of Chevreuse, that he found a light and an unction in them which he had not met with any where else.

‘ I shall not, says she, enter into  
‘ a particular detail of that long  
‘ persecution which has made so  
‘ great a noise, nor of the ten years  
‘ confinement in prisons, and an  
‘ exile almost as long, and which  
‘ is not yet ended, by reason of  
‘ the oppositions, calumnies, and  
‘ all sorts of sufferings as could be  
‘ thought on. There are some facts  
‘ belonging to divers persons, too  
‘ odious to be mentioned, which  
‘ charity

‘ charity constrains me to hide,  
‘ and in this sense it is, ‘ that cha-  
‘ rity covers a multitude of sins.’  
‘ There are others belonging to  
‘ those who were seduced by ill-  
‘ minded people, whom I respect  
‘ for their piety and other reasons,  
‘ though they shewed too bitter a  
‘ zeal against things they had not a  
‘ true understanding of. I shall  
‘ say nothing of this sort out of re-  
‘ spect, nor of the other, out of  
‘ charity. But what I can say, is,  
‘ that in so long a series of conflict,  
‘ which my life has been full of,  
‘ ’tis plain, the greatest were pre-  
‘ served till last; and God, who  
‘ has not rejected me, by a pure  
‘ effect of his goodness, was not  
‘ willing to let the latter part of  
‘ my life pass without a greater  
F 3 ‘ conformity

‘ conformity to that of Jesus Christ.

‘ He was carried before several  
 ‘ tribunals: God was pleased to  
 ‘ let me be so likewise. How  
 ‘ could I do otherwise, from the  
 ‘ sight he gave me of his love and  
 ‘ goodness? By being thus made  
 ‘ conformable to Jesus Christ, I  
 ‘ looked upon those things as fi-  
 ‘ vours, which the world looks  
 ‘ upon as strange persecutions.  
 ‘ The inward peace and joy I felt,  
 ‘ hindered me from seeing my most  
 ‘ violent persecutors, otherwise  
 ‘ than as instruments of the justice  
 ‘ of my God, which to me has al-  
 ‘ ways been adorable and lovely.

‘ My prison was to me a place  
 ‘ of delight and refreshment; for  
 ‘ such a deprivation of all creatures,  
 ‘ gave me an opportunity to be  
 ‘ quite



‘ quite alone with God. And a  
‘ deprivation of what is counted  
‘ the most necessary things of life,  
‘ gave me a relish of outward po-  
‘ verty, which otherwise I might  
‘ not have tasted. Thus I looked  
‘ upon all these great evils in ap-  
‘ pearance, and the universal out-  
‘ cry against me, as the greatest  
‘ good of all. It seemed to me to  
‘ be the work of God’s hand, who  
‘ was pleased to cover his taberna-  
‘ cle with the skins of beasts, to  
‘ hide it from the eyes of those to  
‘ whom he would not manifest it.

‘ I laboured, (says she, under  
‘ mortal languishings, heavy and  
‘ painful sickness without intermis-  
‘ sion. And God was pleased to  
‘ prove me yet further, by totally  
‘ forsaking me, so that for the

‘ space of six months, I could on-  
‘ ly say, ‘ My God, my God, why  
‘ hast thou forsaken me ? ’ ’Twas  
‘ then I was made willing to side  
‘ with God, and to undergo all  
‘ the austerities I could devise.  
‘ And when I saw God and every  
‘ creature against me, I was glad  
‘ to be of their side against myself:  
‘ How then can I bewail myself for  
‘ what I suffered with a love so re-  
‘ fined from all self-interest ? Shall  
‘ I now be concerned for, and side  
‘ with myself, after such an entire  
‘ sacrifice of self, and all that be-  
‘ longs to it ? No, I had much ra-  
‘ ther consecrate all my sufferings  
‘ to silence. But if God, for his  
‘ glory, would permit something  
‘ of it to be known hereafter, I  
‘ should adore his judgments ; but  
‘ as

‘ as for me, I have done with what  
‘ regards myself personally.

‘ But in relation to prayer, I  
‘ must ever contend for the truth  
‘ of its ways. I have defended my  
‘ innocence with so much force and  
‘ truth, as to leave no more doubt  
‘ in people’s minds, that all the ca-  
‘ lumny that is thrown upon those  
‘ who practice it truly, and with  
‘ a sincere love, is quite false; and  
‘ the discourses of those who ca-  
‘ lumniate them, are rash, and  
‘ contrary to all manner of truth  
‘ and justice. The stronger the ca-  
‘ lumny is, the more happy and  
‘ content is the heart which loves  
‘ God, and he whose conscience  
‘ does not reproach him. Persecu-  
‘ tion and calumny are only a  
‘ weight which plunges the soul  
F 5 ‘ deeper

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‘ deeper in God, and makes it  
‘ taste an inestimable happiness.

‘ What signifies it to a soul, if  
‘ all men set themselves against it,  
‘ when ’tis alone with God, and  
‘ gives him a solid token and assu-  
‘ rance of its love? For when God  
‘ heaps his blessings upon us, ’tis  
‘ he then who gives us tokens of  
‘ his love; but when we suffer for  
‘ his sake, what is many times  
‘ worse than death; then we give  
‘ him tokens of the certainty and  
‘ faithfulness of ours. As then  
‘ there are no better means of let-  
‘ ting God see that we love him,  
‘ than by bearing for his sake the  
‘ most terrible pains and afflictions,  
‘ we are infinitely beholden to  
‘ him, when he lets us partake of  
‘ those means.

‘ But



‘ But some may wonder, since  
‘ I am not willing to give an ac-  
‘ count of the greatest crosses and  
‘ afflictions of my life, why I have  
‘ taken notice of much lesser. I  
‘ was induced to that for certain  
‘ reasons. I looked upon it very  
‘ necessary to take some notice of  
‘ the crosses I underwent in my  
‘ youth, that it might be seen, how  
‘ God was pleased to lead me by  
‘ the way of the cross. But as to  
‘ other parts of my life in a more  
‘ advanced age, the calumnies not  
‘ relating to me solely, I thought  
‘ myself under an obligation to give  
‘ a particular account of some facts,  
‘ to discover not only the falsity of  
‘ them, but also the conduct of  
‘ those who transacted them, and  
‘ who were the true authors of my

‘ persecutions, I being no more  
‘ than the casual object they aimed  
‘ at, especially in those latter times;  
‘ for in reality they only persecu-  
‘ ted me in this manner, that they  
‘ might involve persons of great  
‘ merit, who of themselves were  
‘ out of their reach, and could not  
‘ personally be attacked, without  
‘ mixing their affairs with mine.  
‘ For this reason, I thought my-  
‘ self obliged to enter more parti-  
‘ cularly into matters relating to  
‘ those facts, and so much the  
‘ more, as my faith was called in  
‘ question and made suspicious by  
‘ them: I thought it therefore of  
‘ great concern and consequence,  
‘ to let it be seen how far I was  
‘ from entertaining the opinions  
‘ and sentiments they would have  
‘ fastened

‘ fastened upon me. So much I  
‘ owed to religion, to piety, to my  
‘ friends, to my family and my-  
‘ self; But for the ill usage and  
‘ treatment of my own person, I  
‘ thought it better to sacrifice and  
‘ hallow it by silence, as I have  
‘ said before.

‘ I will only just take notice, as  
‘ I go along, of the state and dis-  
‘ position I found myself in, during  
‘ my imprisonments. While I was  
‘ at Vincennes, and under the ex-  
‘ amination of Monsieur de la Rei-  
‘ nie. I enjoyed a most sweet  
‘ peace, and could have been very  
‘ well content to have passed my  
‘ days there, if it had been the  
‘ will of God. I composed hymns,  
‘ which the young woman, who  
‘ tended me, learnt by heart as I  
‘ compos’d

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‘ compos’d them, and we sang, O  
‘ God, Thy praise together. I  
‘ looked upon myself as a little  
‘ bird which thou keptest in a cage  
‘ for thy pleasure, and which was  
‘ to sing out its time there. The  
‘ stones of the tower where I was,  
‘ seemed to me to be rubies ; that  
‘ is, I valued them more than all  
‘ the magnificent things in the  
‘ world. O my God, my joy was  
‘ founded upon thy love, and the  
‘ pleasure I had in being thy pri-  
‘ soner ; though I made not these  
‘ sort of reflections but in compo-  
‘ sing the Hymns. My very heart  
‘ was full of that joy which thou  
‘ givest those that love thee, in  
‘ the midst of the greatest trials  
‘ and sufferings.

‘ When things were carried to  
‘ the



‘ the greatest height and extremity,  
‘ I was then in the Bastile, and  
‘ when I understood how great  
‘ and terrible the outcry was a-  
‘ gainst me, I said to thee, O my  
‘ God, if thou hast a mind to make  
‘ me once more a spectacle to men  
‘ and angels, Thy will be done.  
‘ All that I crave of thee is, that  
‘ thou wouldst preserve thine, and  
‘ not let them be separated from  
‘ thee. † ‘ Let not principalities,  
‘ nor powers, nor the sword, &c.  
‘ ever separate us from the love of  
‘ God which is in Christ Jesus our  
‘ Lord! As to my particular, what  
‘ matter is it what men think of  
‘ me? What matters it what they  
‘ make me suffer, since they are not  
‘ able

† Rom. viii, 38, 39.

‘able to separate me from Christ  
‘Jesus, who is engraven at the bot-  
‘tom of my heart? If I displease  
‘him, though I should please all  
‘men, it would be of less value  
‘than dirt to me. Let then all  
‘men despise and hate me, provid-  
‘ed I am pleasing to him for whom  
“I die daily,” till such time as he  
‘come to finish this death: And,  
‘O my God, I prayed to thee to  
‘make me an offering pure and  
‘clean in thy blood, that I might  
‘ere long be offered up to thee.’

We shall now wind up this la-  
dy’s narrative of her life, in the  
words of the author we have se-  
veral times quoted before. ‘’Tis  
‘observable, says he, that in this  
‘same verbal process, wherein mat-  
‘ters are carried in so outrageous  
‘a

‘ a manner against Monsieur de Fe-  
‘ nelon, the bishops assembled give  
‘ testimony of the purity of Ma-  
‘ dam Guion’s life and conversa-  
‘ tion, declaring, ‘ That as to the  
‘ abominations which were looked  
‘ upon as the consequences of her  
‘ principles, her innocence was ne-  
‘ ver called in question; that she  
‘ always testified a detestation of  
‘ them.’

‘ This authentic testimonial will  
‘ be an eternal monument to that  
‘ lady’s innocence; because the bi-  
‘ shops assembled did not give it  
‘ her, till after she had been five  
‘ years in prison. There had been  
‘ strict inquiries made during that  
‘ time, in all the places where she  
‘ had been since her youth: All  
‘ persons of her acquaintance in the  
‘ provinces

‘ provinces far and near had been  
‘ examined : Threatnings, pro-  
‘ mises and prisons, had been em-  
‘ ployed to engage her two maid  
‘ servants, witnesses for many  
‘ years of her conduct, to say  
‘ something to her disadvantage.  
‘ She herself had been obliged to  
‘ undergo divers captious interro-  
‘ gatories before different judges.  
‘ She had been carried from prison  
‘ to prison, in order to shake her  
‘ resolution ; from Vincennes to  
‘ Vaugirard, from Vaugirard to  
‘ the Bastille. Notwithstanding  
‘ this, the verity of her answers,  
‘ the purity of her manners, and  
‘ the uniformity of her conduct for  
‘ so many years together, forced  
‘ this acknowledgment of her inno-  
‘ cence from a numerous assembly  
‘ of



‘ of bishops, under the guidance  
‘ of Monsieur de Meaux.

‘ She remained however three  
‘ years in prison, sick, and in a  
‘ suffering condition ; after the  
‘ persecution against Monsieur de  
‘ Cambray was over, she continu-  
‘ ally begged that her crime might  
‘ be specified and proved. But  
‘ her enemies not being able to  
‘ make any thing appear against  
‘ her, she was at length discharged  
‘ out of custody, and exiled to  
‘ Blois. She lived there near  
‘ twelve years, honoured and re-  
‘ spected for her good understand-  
‘ ing, sincere piety, pure and mo-  
‘ dest virtue, even by those who  
‘ had the strongest prejudices a-  
‘ gainst her. Monsieur de Cam-  
‘ bray continued always to have the  
‘ same

‘ same friendship and esteem for  
‘ her, and the same confidence in  
‘ her. She died at length at Blois,  
‘ to the tender regret of her fami-  
‘ ly, and of all her friends.

‘ Before we leave this matter,  
‘ let us observe the three notable  
‘ testimonies given to the inno-  
‘ cence of this lady in the three  
‘ principal periods of her life. She  
‘ had been first examined by Mon-  
‘ sieur de Harley, Archbishop of  
‘ Paris, for the space of eight  
‘ months, and had justified herself.  
‘ Afterwards Monsieur de Meaux,  
‘ who was powerfully interested to  
‘ find her criminal, gives her an  
‘ ample certificate at the end of a  
‘ six months examination. Last  
‘ of all; an assembly of the Galli-  
‘ can church, after a strict enquiry  
‘ into

‘ into her whole life, give public  
‘ testimony of her innocence.’

We are persuaded, some of our readers would be glad to hear the last expressions of this excellent Lady, nay, we think they will even be ravished, to hear how melodiously she sang of the dealing of the Lord to her soul; and how prophetically she spake of the reception which people of another climate, and a different way of worship, should give to PURE LOVE, and the inward worship of God in spirit and in truth, which her own nation and people had rejected the offers of, and set at naught.

This melodious and prophetic song we intend to print at the close of some other pieces, in her own inimitable notes and stile, together  
with

with our translation in prose, for want of a better in verse. But first, we shall collect what we take to be the last writings and legacy she left the world a little before her departure.

The following, which we hope was very much, if not more peculiarly, intended for our nation, is a most remarkable ejaculation of her soul, and worthy our greatest notice: 'Tis a pathetic discourse, or rather the voice of an angel just about to be enrob'd with light and immortality, addressed to a people of a different way of worship from those amongst whom she lived; in which she compares herself to the Samaritan woman, to whom Christ manifested himself in so particular and eminent a manner at Jacob's well;



well ; inflaming her heart so with  
the love of himself, that she ‘ \* left  
‘ her water-pot and went her way  
‘ into the city, and saith to the  
‘ men, come see a man which told  
‘ me all things that ever I did : Is  
‘ not this the Christ ?’ And her  
words had so great a reach, and  
took such place with the Samari-  
tans, that ‘ † they went out of the  
‘ city and came unto him :’ After  
‘ which, ‡ they said unto the wo-  
‘ man, now we believe, not be-  
‘ cause of thy saying,’ for we have  
heard him ourselves, and know  
that this is indeed the Christ, the  
Saviour of the world, || ‘ And they  
‘ besought him that he would tar-  
‘ ry with them: And he abode  
‘ there two days.’

‘ Wonderful

\* John iv. 28. † Ver. 30. ‡ Ver. 42. || Ver. 40.

‘ Wonderful effect this, says the  
‘ famous Quésnelle, of one word  
‘ of our Saviour, upon the heart of  
‘ a woman who becomes the apo-  
‘ stle of her country ; he must cer-  
‘ tainly have spoke to other ears  
‘ than those of her body, since he  
‘ is more a master of her heart  
‘ than herself, and since she forgets  
‘ every thing to bear the tidings of  
‘ him to her countrymen.—He  
‘ follows her with mind and heart,  
‘ he acts in her heart ; he is occu-  
‘ pied with the zeal that hurries  
‘ her to the town, he is upon her  
‘ tongue to bless the word of eter-  
‘ nal life, which she declares to  
‘ them of her own experience ; he  
‘ seeks among that people those  
‘ whom his Father had given him,  
that

‘ that he might draw them to him-  
‘ self ; he offers them up to his  
‘ Father ; he prays for them ; he  
‘ operates in their hearts, to make  
‘ them docile and obedient to the  
‘ voice of this woman.’

G

THE



THE  
LADY GUION'S  
REMARKABLE INVITATION  
TO ALL

*Sincere Believers in Jesus Christ.*

‘ AT the time when the Jews  
‘ rejected Jesus Christ, the  
‘ Samaritans received him with  
‘ joy. There was not so much as  
‘ one, person found among the  
‘ Jews,



‘ Jews, either capable or fit to  
‘ hear and comprehend, the wor-  
‘ ship ‘ in spirit and in truth.’  
‘ Jesus Christ went therefore and  
‘ sought out a Samaritan woman.  
‘ The Samaritans believed in God  
‘ as well as the Jews : They like-  
‘ wise expected the coming of the  
‘ Messiah ; but they were Schisma-  
‘ ticks, and divided from the  
‘ Jews, because they did not wor-  
‘ ship at the same temple.

‘ Christ instructs a Schismatical  
‘ woman in the greatest truths,  
‘ and makes her instantly an  
‘ Apostle. Now what was the  
‘ service of her apostleship ? ’Twas  
‘ to draw that people to Christ.  
‘ They came flocking to him :  
‘ They are instructed ; they be-  
‘ lieve ; they receive the seed

G 2

‘ which

‘ which the Jews rejected; nay,  
‘ they constrain the Lord, whom  
‘ the Jews cast off, to dwell with  
‘ them, that he might instruct  
‘ them fully by themselves in what  
‘ he had but just begun to instruct  
‘ the Samaritan woman.

‘ O my dear Samaritans, you  
‘ this day have done the same.  
‘ ’Tis true, you are divided from  
‘ us in respect to the place of wor-  
‘ ship; but you believe in God,  
‘ you expect all from the same Sa-  
‘ viour. ’Tis to you the interior  
‘ spirit addresses itself; that spirit  
‘ of adoration in truth, that prayer  
‘ worthy of God, that interior  
‘ worship, that *Pure Love*, so much  
‘ despised by our nation and peo-  
‘ ple. ’Tis to you it addresses  
‘ itself to be received; ’tis in you,  
‘ and

‘ and by you, that Christ will  
‘ make it grow and encrease: He  
‘ will be in you, ‘ a river of living  
‘ water flowing out of your belly  
‘ unto eternal life.’

‘ This worship in spirit and in  
‘ truth, this perfect prayer, this  
‘ *Pure Love*, asketh for a retreat  
‘ and dwelling among you. It  
‘ comes to seek you out, by an  
‘ exclusion of many others, that  
‘ you may lodge it in your heart.  
‘ O receive it then, and by your  
‘ means let it be transmitted to an  
‘ infinite number of hearts? ’Tis  
‘ what Christ would have you do:  
‘ ’Tis what he expects of you, not-  
‘ withstanding the weakness of the  
‘ instrument he makes use of, to  
‘ instruct you with Christ.

‘ O when will you say to this

G 3

‘ poor

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‘ poor Samaritan woman, ‘ Now  
 ‘ we believe not because of thy  
 ‘ saying; for we know that this  
 ‘ is indeed the Christ, the Saviour  
 ‘ of the world:’ We believe this  
 ‘ is Pure Love. We worship the  
 ‘ Father ‘ in spirit and in truth;  
 ‘ because we know ourselves,’ we  
 ‘ taste, we experience, yea, we  
 ‘ are certain, that ’tis the truth.  
 ‘ O could I but hear these words,  
 ‘ with what joy could I say, *Nunc*  
 ‘ *dimittis Ancillam tuam Domine,*  
 ‘ &c. ‘ Lord, now lettest thou  
 ‘ thy servant depart in peace.’  
 ‘ ’Tis the very object of all my  
 ‘ wishes; and the subject of all  
 ‘ my prayers. You are all very  
 ‘ dear my heart: O, why can’t I  
 ‘ offer you up to the Lord my  
 ‘ God, as a pure sacrifice without  
 ‘ blemish,



‘ blemish, washed in the blood of  
‘ the Lamb, and quickened by  
‘ his spirit; as an holy burnt-of-  
‘ fering, purify’d and consum’d  
‘ in the fire of Pure Love, *Amen.*  
‘ Jesus!’

The following letters being some of them written upon her sick-bed, in the very year, probably in the month, or week, she died, the expressions contain’d in them, may be look’d upon as her dying words.

L E T T E R.

‘ **M**Y very dear and reve-  
‘ rend brother in our Lord  
‘ Jesus Christ, I cannot but desire  
‘ your preservation very much,

G 4

‘ and

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‘ and beg it earnestly of God, for  
 ‘ the accomplishment of his work.  
 ‘ My life seems to me to hang upon  
 ‘ a slender thread, and yet I am  
 ‘ persuaded, notwithstanding my  
 ‘ great weakness, if God thinks fit  
 ‘ to make use of so poor a nothing,  
 ‘ He will preserve my life; but if  
 ‘ not, I have one foot in the stirrup,  
 ‘ ready to mount and be gone, as  
 ‘ soon as he pleases: I dearly salute  
 ‘ M. le B. de R. and his family,  
 ‘ and your good friends, I pray  
 ‘ God that he would be all things  
 ‘ to them. Let us say with one  
 ‘ accord, ‘ *Adveniat regnum tuum!*  
 ‘ *Thy Kingdom Come.* The more  
 ‘ this kingdom appears at a distance  
 ‘ by the increase of wickedness a-  
 ‘ mongst men, the more, I hope,  
 ‘ the power of God, which is un-  
 ‘ limited,

‘ limited, will put a stop to the  
‘ torrent of iniquity : And out of  
‘ this general corruption draw a  
‘ chosen people whom he will conse-  
‘ crate to himself. ‘ O let his will be  
‘ always done ! ’ ’Tis all we can de-  
‘ fire. Our friends here love you  
‘ more than I can express.’

L E T T E R.

S I R,

‘ **I** F I had not been ill, I should  
‘ have done myself the honour  
‘ to have writ to you before. I  
‘ am something better, though I  
‘ still keep my bed. I write to you  
‘ now, to make you an offer of my  
‘ dear master’s house where I dwell.

G 5

‘ Though

‘ Though he himself be poor, you  
‘ will want nothing that is necessary.  
‘ Make use of it therefore, Sir, as  
‘ your patrimony, since all that  
‘ belongs to him, belongs likewise  
‘ to his children. I shall procure  
‘ to myself real solace and pleasure,  
‘ to partake with you, what he  
‘ gives us in his poverty. You  
‘ will see nothing in his house that  
‘ is splendid, but simplicity,  
‘ weakness and infancy. Now as  
‘ I am verily persuaded, that in  
‘ imitating the wise men, you will  
‘ not be offended at his poverty, I  
‘ therefore invite you to come and  
‘ dwell in his house.

‘ I received your kind letter,  
‘ which gave me great pleasure and  
‘ satisfaction, observing by it the  
‘ disposition of your soul, in the  
‘ midst



‘ midst of the greatest afflictions.  
‘ O Sir, he who loves the cross,  
‘ certainly tastes and loves God:  
‘ Remember who it was that said  
‘ to Peter, ‘ thou favourest not the  
‘ things that be of God,’ because  
‘ he lov’d not the cross.’

L E T T E R.

‘ **I** Must open my heart a little to  
‘ you, as to my dear child. I  
‘ have nothing more to desire upon  
‘ earth but to be united to my  
‘ principle. I am altogether un-  
‘ profitable, I could say, but with-  
‘ out comparison, these words of  
‘ the prophet, \* ‘ Lord! who hath  
‘ G 6                      ‘ believed

\* Isa. lxx. 1,

‘believed our report.’ None. I  
 ‘am their byword. But I com-  
 ‘fort myself with the words of  
 ‘another prophet: † ‘If my peo-  
 ‘ple perish for want of having the  
 ‘truth declared to them, thou  
 ‘shalt perish for my people: But  
 ‘if thou hast declared the truth to  
 ‘them, they shall perish, and thy  
 ‘soul shall be saved.’

‘† ‘Thus saith the Lord God,  
 ‘Wo to the Women that sow pil-  
 ‘lows to all arm-holes,’ flattering  
 ‘them in their sins! Happy are  
 ‘those of whom God requires no  
 ‘account of any soul, having not  
 ‘charged them with any.

‘If the labours of Jesus Christ a-  
 ‘vailed

† Ezek, iii, 18.

† Ezek. xiii 18.

‘vailed so little with the Jews,  
‘who would be afflicted to be alike  
‘serv’d? My people have been de-  
‘ceived, because there are those  
‘who are stones of stumbling in  
‘the house of Israel.

‘My fever still continues, but  
‘my pains are ceas’d, and I am a  
‘good deal better, but very weak,  
‘and have no appetite. However,  
‘all is good and excellent in God’s  
‘will. Doubt not of my friend-  
‘ship, my dear child, you are near  
‘my heart. 1716.’

L E T T E R.

‘**I** Labour now, almost without  
‘intermission, under intolerable  
‘pains. ’Tis impossible, without

‘ a miracle, that I should continue  
 ‘ long under them. My dear  
 ‘ master is master, and, divine  
 ‘ Justice, my mistress, exerts her  
 ‘ rights. I was forced last night  
 ‘ to call upon her sister Mercy, she  
 ‘ is more easily intreated. Truly  
 ‘ I had like to have proved diso-  
 ‘ bedient to my dear mistress.  
 ‘ But I will love her severities,  
 ‘ though nature does not at all  
 ‘ like them. I remember when I  
 ‘ was young, I composed a little  
 ‘ song which begins thus ;

‘ O Justice of my divine Master,  
 ‘ Which feed’st thyself with seve-  
     rities,  
 ‘ Love by thee makes us know  
 ‘ What we owe to the sovereign  
     Being :

‘ Let



‘ Let us by suffering honour him,  
‘ Since he despises pleasant things.  
‘ I was not above nineteen years old  
‘ when I made that song; so that  
‘ you see, God called me early into  
‘ the service of my divine mistress.  
‘ I became her slave, and she has  
‘ never spar’d me since. Pray to  
‘ God that I be not unfaithful to  
‘ him. 1717.’

L E T T E R.

‘ **T**HO’ I should be very glad  
‘ to see you, if it were the  
‘ will of God, yet of myself I can  
‘ desire nothing. † ’Tis said of St.  
‘ Paul, ‘ his letters are weighty  
‘ and powerful, but his bodily pre-  
‘ sence is weak, and his speech  
‘ con-

† 1 Cor. x. 10.

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‘ contemptible.’ I find nothing in  
‘ me that deserves the least esteem.  
‘ The instrument cannot ascribe the  
‘ work to itself, which the work-  
‘ man does by means of it. God  
‘ makes use of the most contempti-  
‘ ble instruments to do his work.  
‘ It becomes such a workman as he  
‘ to work upon nothing, and by  
‘ nothing. What do I say? He  
‘ employs only nothing to do what  
‘ he does: I am nothing, yea less  
‘ than nothing. .

‘ I neither know what he works  
‘ in me or by me; No trace of it  
‘ is left: He takes and he gives: I  
‘ let him do it. If he has a mind,  
‘ I can do every thing in him: If  
‘ he leaves me, I am an empty no-  
‘ thing, a canal without water.  
‘ Every one finds by this canal ac-  
‘ cording

‘ cording to his faith, that nothing  
‘ might be ascribed to the creature.  
‘ ’Tis a great while since he made  
‘ me become a child, whom he  
‘ leads as he pleases, without resist-  
‘ ance or thoughts on my part. I  
‘ should be amazed to hear any  
‘ body say that he does good by  
‘ me. If I were able to cast my  
‘ thoughts upon, or to find this  
‘ self, I should abhor it more than  
‘ the evil one.

‘ I hope if God permit you to  
‘ come and see me, that he will give  
‘ me what is necessary for you.  
‘ Your soul is precious to me be-  
‘ fore the Lord, and ’tis in his suf-  
‘ fering and adorable heart that  
‘ you will always find me present.  
‘ 1717.’

LET-

L E T T E R.

*My dear Brother,*

‘ I Have had it a pretty while in  
 ‘ my heart to write to you, to  
 ‘ tell you, if God take me out of  
 ‘ this world, and should deprive  
 ‘ you of your present supports,  
 ‘ that you be not surpris’d at it;  
 ‘ but seeing your way before you,  
 ‘ that you be faithful and couragi-  
 ‘ cus, and fight the battles of the  
 ‘ Lord.

‘ I received your letter. The  
 ‘ business now is not inward re-  
 ‘ tirement; that was very good in  
 ‘ time past. What you have now  
 ‘ to do is to get clean out of your-  
 ‘ self, and to lean wholly upon  
 ‘ God. You will never find true  
 ‘ rest



‘ rest any where else. If you can  
‘ come, I shall receive you with  
‘ joy, if I am living. 1717.’

These, reader, are most of the last words we have been able to collect, of this excellent woman, who departed this life the 9th of June 1717, in the 70th year of her age; and now rests, we believe, for ever in the bosom of the Lord, where she so sweetly repos’d during the many storms and tempests, and raging seas, with which she was tossed in her voyage to the port and haven of eternal bliss.



A Letter of a Maid who  
had served M. GUION  
Twelve Years, and was  
kept Eight Years in Pri-  
son:

*My dear Brother,*

**I** Know not if ever I shall have  
the consolation of seeing you :  
I wish it were more for your sake  
than my own, for I can receive no  
consolation but from God only. I  
should much desire it, if it were his  
will,

will, that I might remove the heavy concern of your mind, because I have kept myself reserved towards you touching Madam Guion. I know the concern still remains upon you, but I am sure if I had but an opportunity of speaking freely with you, it would soon be removed, and you would be forced to acknowledge that I ought to have been so. I am sensible of the good disposition of your heart, and know very well that you love me; and when we were about to part from one another, you were in great care and concern about my welfare, and troubled to see me forsake so many temporal advantages.

I saw plainly that it was God who turned your heart in that manner,

ner, that he might place me where he would have me be, and where he called me strongly, yea, I can say vehemently. His love forced me away, and would have me separated from every thing that tied me down to the earth. If your house had been made up of precious stones, and I might have been waited upon, and honoured there as a queen, yet I should have forsook all to follow my God, who called me, not to pleasures and gratifications, but gave me a strong and lively impression of the Cross, and that impression had a much greater prevalence and power over my heart than all things of this world put together. Thus I went gently on, following my God, who



who ordered my temporal concerns. I saw no appearance of outward crosses; but 'twas inwardly in my soul that I had a strong impression that I must undergo heavy crosses; for which God gave me a very great love. And I prayed in myself that I might be faithful thereto.

Now tell me, my dear brother, if I had disclosed my heart to you, what would you have said; what would you have done? You would have said that I was a fool, and from a good intention have raised abundance of objections, and obstructed my greatest good, my greatest consolation, my boundless joy, my sweet repose, which is in all things to do the  
will

will of God; and when through the cross I do perform his will, I am divinely nourished with a nourishment that strengthens me, that animates me, that encourages and enlivens me: But the fear of not doing his will, is to me more dreadful than hell. Had I been then so unfaithful as not to have followed the call of God, and disclosed to you the secrets of my soul, I should have lost my grace, and God would have given it to another. I think after such unfaithfulness, I should never have had any repose or quiet, which is no where to be found but in God only.

But now I can open my heart to you freely; for I am in no fear  
of

of any body's putting an obstacle in the way of my sufferings. Since I write this from the prison at Vincennes, where I have been this last time almost four years, and know not if ever I shall be released, or whether I shall ever have any other consolation than to suffer. But casually having got a piece of paper, with a bit of stick instead of a pen, and foot instead of ink, I write this in the utmost hazard and jeopardy, hoping by God's permission, that it may one day be a means of comforting you in my imprisonment, for you have an hundred times more trouble and concern about it than I have, who am made every day thankful to God for it, and esteem it as a token from him that he has not re-

H

jected

jected my sacrifice, and a very great favour done me.

I hope in time God will open the eyes of such upright persons as out of zeal have persecuted us, because they want the light of truth; falshood having blinded their judgment by the malice and cunning of the wicked; and that he will let them clearly discern the precious stone amidst the heap of vile slanders, which no ways hurt, but rather embellish, and give it a wonderful lustre in the sight of God: I mean Madam Guion; and I have the honour to share with her in her afflictions and crosses, and through the grace and goodness of God, to know her experimentally, and thoroughly, having had the comfort and satisfaction of  
living



living with her for the space of twelve years: And by seeing her actions and behaviour, I have been quite perfumed with her virtues. From the time God made me feel his love, nothing could satisfy me but he, and wheresoever I have discovered his traces and footsteps, I have made haste to follow him.

A prison only confines the body, but hinders not the union of souls. I have long since experienced that; for I am in this prison quite alone, where I find myself more strongly united to her in God than if I had been with her. 'Tis the love of Jesus Christ which unites us, that is the band that ties us: 'tis in him, and for his sake, that I love her, and that we love one another. By how much the more I love her,

by so much the more I feel my heart enlarged to love her.

Don't wonder at it, dear brother, for without descending into particulars, I will only tell you, that she obtained for me the grace to love my God, whom I now love, whom I shall for ever love, and whom I continually love. Yes, she obtained for me this grace to love, and God made use of her to imprint his love upon my heart, and to draw me off from the love of myself, making me pass through the death and denial of all my natural inclinations, and with great diligence watching over me with continual patience and pure love, the sense of which will remain with me for ever.

So do not wonder that I love  
her.

her, yea, I love her because she loves my God ; but with a boundless love, a real, essential, living and operative love : And this love has the power of uniting our hearts in such a manner as I am not able to express, but believe it to be the beginning of the union which we shall have in heaven, where the love of God will unite us all in him.

See here a little evaporation and discovery, which I have made you of my heart: Heal now the oppression of yours, and be no longer grieved and concerned that I was so reserved towards you ; and never spoke to you of Madame Guion.



Another Letter of the same  
Maid to a Clergyman,  
upon the like Subject.

*To God be all Glory!*

**M**Y Reverend Father, I will  
open to you as briefly as I  
can the sentiments of my heart.

I bear my cross willingly, tho'  
'tis with pain. I had rather die  
than do the least thing of myself to  
get from under it. That would  
be an executioner which would  
tear out my very heart. Being  
reſigned



resigned and given up intirely to God, let him do with me what he pleases, I shall always adore his holy will, which I most tenderly love. I esteem myself happy in being a prisoner for his sake.

Nature labours under suffering, but let her chide and complain. I am in no fear about any new cross, for my heart is prepared for every thing they can make me suffer: I am enured and hardened to the cross: I love it with a true love; because it makes me nearer acquainted with God.

If it be the will of God that I never see my dear mistress [M. G.] again upon earth, I shall see her in heaven, for the power of man reaches not there. However, as  
the

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the union betwixt us is founded purely on the love of Christ, 'tis in him, and for his sake, I love her, and am more closely united to her than if I was with her. When I pray, she is always with me: Should I withdraw myself from her, I should force myself from my dear Lord and Saviour. Our union shall never be broken, either upon earth or in heaven. 'Tis an union of the cross upon earth, and an union of the possession of God in eternity. 'Tis this hope which enlivens my soul.

She has aided me in the denial of myself and my natural inclinations. And God made use of her to imprint himself in my heart, and so strongly too, that I am not able  
to

to express it, but feel it most intimately. Yea, she imprinted the love of Christ so strongly in me, that it seems really as if it was engraven upon my heart in very deep and never-fading characters. Therefore I hope God will uphold me by the strength of his love, which has united our hearts. The more I love God, the more closely I find myself bound to her: Who then shall separate us? It shall neither be persecutions, nor prisons, nor the force of men or devils. Nothing shall ever separate us from the love of Christ Jesus. 'Tis in his sweet and lovely heart I find her always. O heart of Jesus, thou art my life and sweet repose! I lift up both my heart and hands  
unto

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unto thee, and return thee thanks, for uniting me to an heart which loves thee so tenderly and so purely, that mine is all perfumed with it; and 'tis this perfume of love which makes my heart glad in my captivity.

Nature suffers grievously, but yet I would not be without suffering, and in the very bottom of my soul, I feel a secret fear of losing, or being driven from my *Beloved Cross*. 'Tis the very darling of my heart: I have espoused it with an inconceivable force and ardour, and would be faithful to it as long as I live. I have wholly consecrated and given myself up to God, body, soul, and spirit, entirely, and without reserve. I am  
his,



his, let him do with me what he will: I am submissive to every thing. I feel no desire, no will in me, but to say in all and through all, THY HOLY WILL BE DONE, O love of my heart! In fine, I feel a continued Fiat in me, though under much pain of body.

That which plunges me into God by the Cross, is my strongest propensity, to which I find myself powerfully drawn. O Cross which makest happy through pain and suffering, and which enlivenest the soul, how bitter and yet how sweet thou art! O how strong is thy love when one is given up to thee! My desire is to expire in thy arms: Thou wilt infallibly restore me into the bosom of my God, where I  
pant

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pant continually to be, and where I repose myself on earth; and I hope and believe strongly, that I shall repose myself there in heaven.

MADAM



**M**ADAM GUION having composed, during her long captivity, many hymns, or little songs, upon all sorts of spiritual subjects, we thought proper to insert here one or two of them, which shew with what temper and disposition of mind she bore so hard an imprisonment for ten years together.

THE FIRST HYMN.

I.

Great God for thy pleasure  
I am put into a cage,  
Listen to my notes,

I

For

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For that's all I desire :  
I love my confinement  
Great God for thy pleasure.

II.

I sing all the day long  
Lord, for thy pleasure  
My extreme affliction  
Augments my love :  
Having no other affair  
I sing all the day long.

III.

Thou understandest, Lord !  
This amorous language,  
Unknown to the worldly wise,  
Relish'd by the chaste heart ;  
Love has its notes,  
Thou understandest them, Lord!

IV.



IV.

I live in freedom  
Though in confinement :  
\* PURE LOVE sets free  
Both heart and will :  
In my little cage  
I live in freedom.

V.

O will divine  
Which I adore and love !  
The more extreme my pain,  
The more freedom I have,  
All good is in thee  
O will divine !

VI.

Of thy little bird  
Accept, I pray thee,

I 2

The

\* 1 John iv. 19.

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The warbling murmurs,  
More soft than fine;  
And be the nourishment  
Of thy little bird.

VII.

The prisoner of my God  
Finds immensity every where:  
A peculiar easiness  
Makes her free in every place:  
She abounds in plenty,  
The prisoner of my God.

VIII.

Surrounded with enemies  
Whom intrigues perplex  
How contented is my soul!  
How submissive is my heart!  
Incessantly I sing  
Surrounded with enemies.

IX. I

IX.

I behold my enemies  
Fatiguing themselves ;  
Some are out of breath,  
Others quite flunn'd ;  
I, with a tranquil mind  
Behold my enemies.

H Y M N II.

I.

**O** Charming solitude,  
Dungeon, lovely tower,  
Where unmolested  
I spend all the day !

Is

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Is there any torment too severe  
For my constant love?

II.

Afflictions are my delights,  
Pains are my pleasures ;  
The most dreadful torments  
The upshot of my wishes :  
And all my exercise  
Love and deep sighs.

III.

I fear no torment  
Though without any support,  
Being very sure  
This evil is my good :  
The Sovereign Beauty  
Calls for sovereign love.

IV. I



IV.

I suffer, and my suffering  
Makes all my happiness:  
By his sweet presence  
God enriches my heart:  
He is my patience,  
My strength and my comfort.

. F I N I S .





